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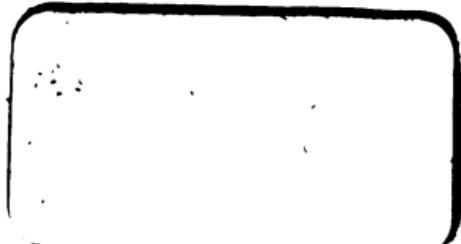
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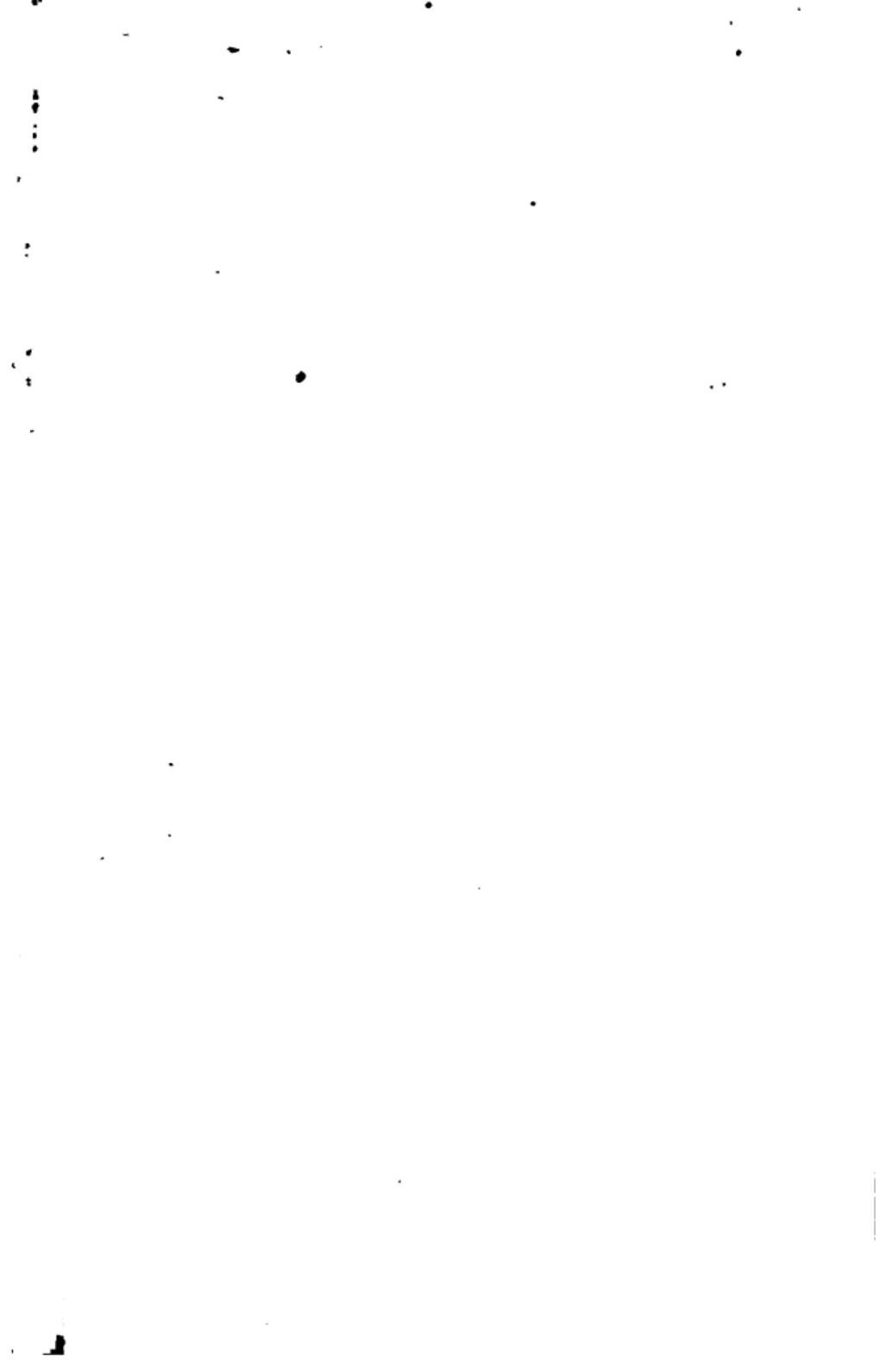


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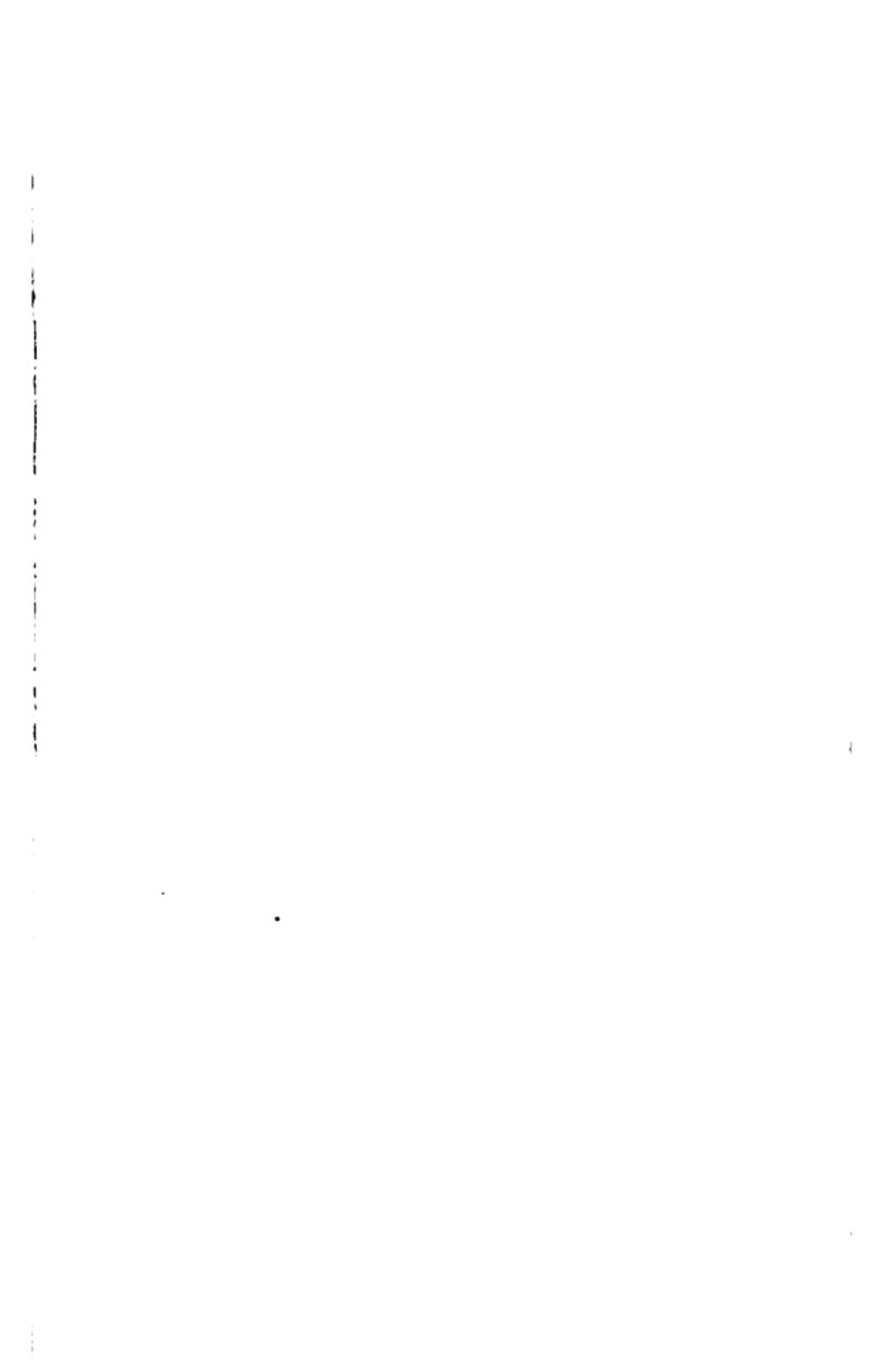
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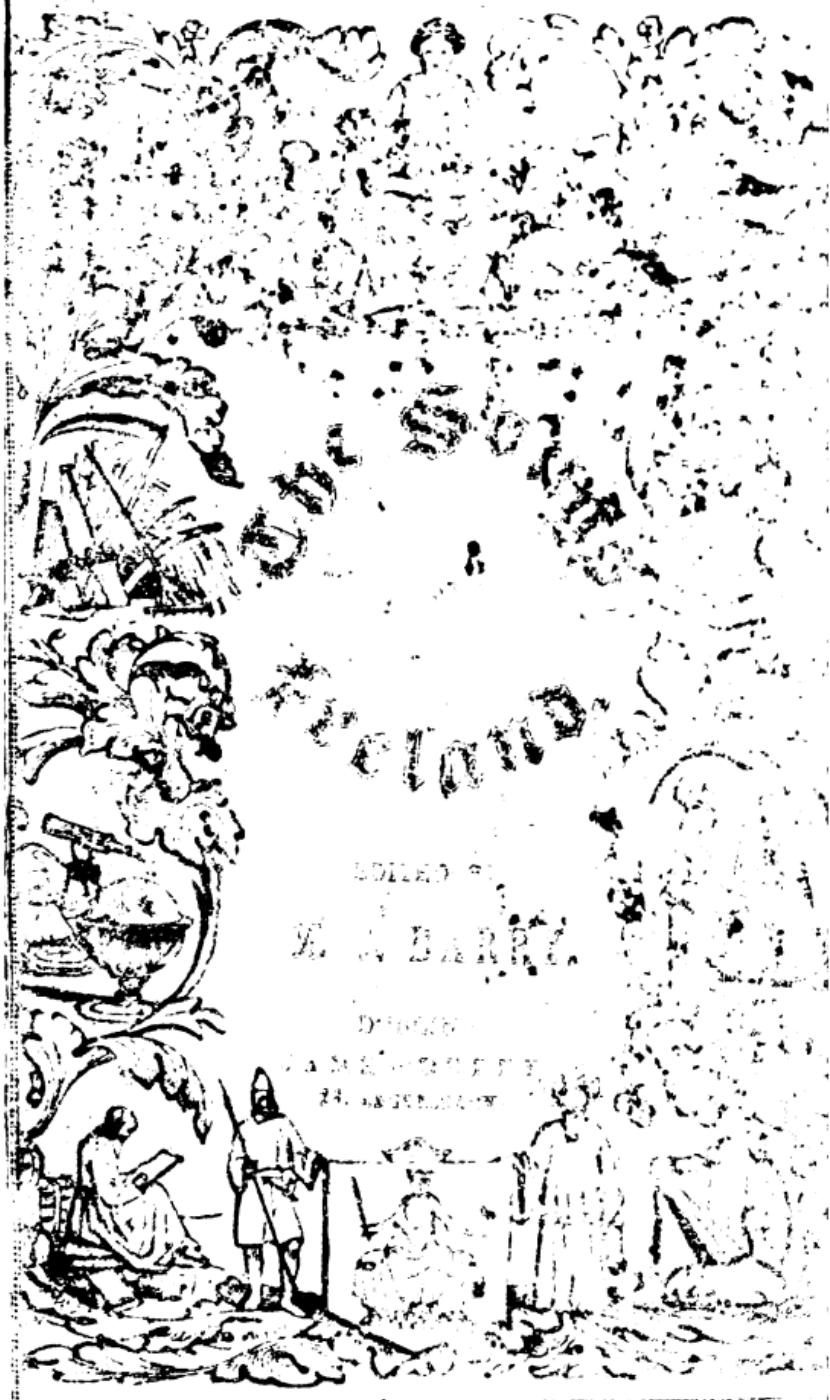








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The

Songs of Ireland.

EDITED BY

MICHAEL JOSEPH BARRY.

DUBLIN:

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TO THE NATIONAL BARD OF IRELAND,

THOMAS MOORE,

WITH

FEELINGS OF THE DEEPEST RESPECT AND ADMIRATION,

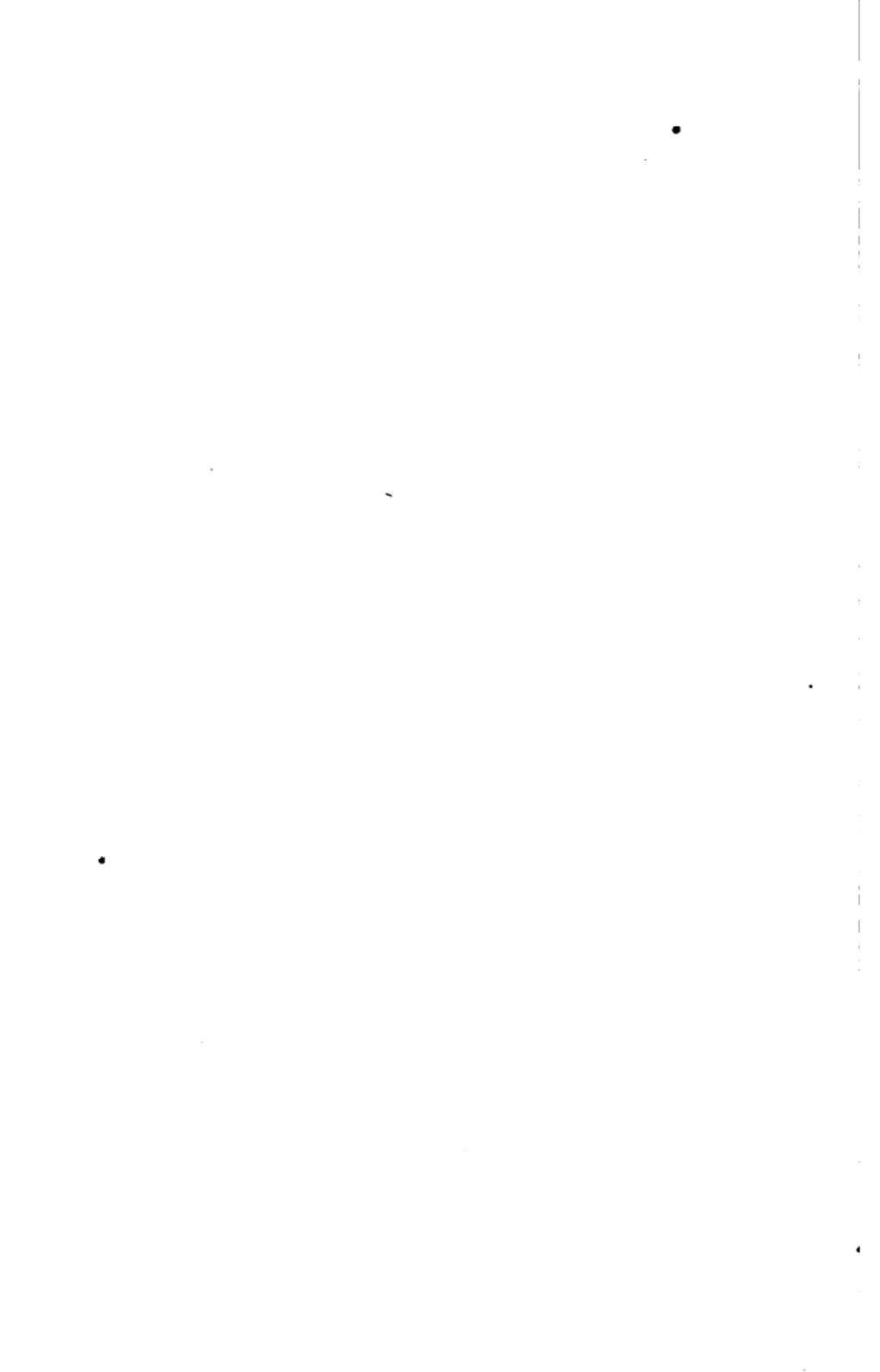
THIS VOLUME

OF

THE SONGS OF IRELAND,

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MICHAEL JOSEPH BARRY.



PREFACE.

So large a portion of what Mr. Duffy has written in his Introduction to "The Ballad Poetry of Ireland," published in the present series, is equally applicable to the Songs of the country, as to limit to a narrow space the observations which, only for its priority of publication, I should be obliged to make.

The same necessities controlled, the same principles guided my selection which coerced or regulated his. Like him I have found myself, in the main, restricted to the last half century for the materials of my collection—the old songs of the country being still a sealed fountain to that large class of Irishmen whose knowledge is confined to foreign tongues—and like him, I have, of course, rejected those songs which were un-Irish in their character or language, and those miserable slang productions, which, representing the Irishman only as a blunderer, a bully, a fortune-hunter, or a drunkard, have done more than any thing else to degrade him in the

eyes of others, and far worse to debase him in his own—making him, but too often, the abject thing that he was painted, and forcibly illustrating the words of Pope :

“Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen ;
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

The mischief which these vile things have done is indeed incalculable. There is, however, one consoling idea connected with them, namely, that there is hardly one of the class which does not bear internal evidence that it is not the production of an Irish writer.* Such phrases as “my joy,” (addressing an individual;) such names as “Murphy O’Casey,” and “*Teddy O'Reilly*,” (made to rhyme with Killalley;) such local knowledge is displayed in the description of “Justice *Pat*,” a feeder on “turtle” and “dealer in *praties* at Ballyporeen;” a rural marriage in

* See a paper on the subject of Irish Songs in *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. 17, p. 318, by the late Dr. Maginn, in which he exposes with his usual wit and ability, the spuriousness of a number of these stupid caricatures. The comments in the text, though such as might occur to any Irishman, are taken from it.

“church” by the “priest,” and another, in which a “Father *Quipes!*” officiates as clergyman, in presence of “the bride’s dada, the Baillie, O.” Such characteristic rhymes as “girls” to “bells,” “window” with “hinder,” and an endless list of similar absurdities—set the broad seal of vulgar Cockneyism on nearly the entire collection. We, however, have quite enough to blush for ; though the shame of their authorship be not ours. They have been printed in our song-books, and applauded in our theatres : and men who would have died in defence of Ireland’s honour, have lent their aid to every muddy-witted adventurer who turned her into ridicule and scorn. This is bitter truth : but the bitterest is the most wholesome, and the man who wishes to serve his country will administer it freely.

The fact that Mr. Duffy had so far pre-occupied the ground, is not the only one which tends to limit my prefatory observations. In the original arrangement of the “Library of Ireland,” it was intended, that the present volume should be edited by my beloved and lamented friend, THOMAS DAVIS. Finding, probably, that his attention was required to subjects of more im-

portance, he requested me to edit it in his place, giving me, at the same time, a list of references to various collections of songs, which have been the chief sources whence the volume has been drawn. He subsequently wrote to me, to say, that he had published a couple of articles in the *Nation* on the subject of Irish Songs; which I might freely use, if I found anything in them which I thought could be made available for the volume. On referring to them, I saw that they contained such valuable information, and so many useful suggestions, that I at once decided on printing them as an Essay on the subject, in which form they will be found prefixed to the songs.

On looking over the collection, I find, that of the songs which I have selected of a political tendency, all, with a single exception, express but one class of opinions. This could not have been avoided. Of the songs of a conservative character, to which I had access, none seemed to me to possess sufficient merit to render them worthy of a place among the "Songs of Ireland." All of them written, probably, under the influence of great political excitement,

bear, too sadly, evidence of the angry passions which dictated them, unrelieved by beauty of thought or strength of composition.

In conclusion, I have to regret the somewhat late appearance of this volume, and to rely on the indulgence of the public, for any trifling inaccuracies which may be found in it. The use of the Irish character caused much of the delay which has taken place, and as I have been more or less affected by illness since the MS. was placed in the printer's hands, and for some days past confined to bed and wholly incapable of attending to business of any sort, it is quite probable that some mistakes may, without my knowledge, have crept into the volume.

M. J. BARRY.

8, Lower Dominick-street.

Nov. 28th, 1845.



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ESSAY ON IRISH SONGS.

BY THOMAS DAVIS, M.R.I.A.

IRELAND does not rank low in Songs. She is far above England, or Italy, or Spain, and equal to Germany. Scotland with her Burns, Scott Campbell, Cunningham, and that nameless galaxy from whence came the Jacobite Minstrels, is, we fear, above Ireland. France, too, not very successful in other kinds of poetry, has latterly burst into lyrical perfection. Not to name lesser though great lyrists, there is Beranger, who (unaided by the glorious fragments which helped Burns to most of his choruses, and to part of his success) has given to France some hundred songs set to French tunes, with the raciest choruses, in simplest idiom, and expressing every popular thought and passion—Glory, Love, Napoleon, War, Wine, Hatred to Russia, Abhorrence of England, the Pall of Waterloo, the Sun of Austerlitz. Napoleon and Beranger have gone deeper

into the mind of France than any men for centuries.

Yet, again, we say, Ireland ranks high. When we went to prepare a volume of selected songs by Irishmen, to supersede the cabbage and artificial flowers called Harps and Shamrocks and Minstrels, now unhappily current, we were surprised to find how numerous were the men and women whose contributions should find a place in that volume.

There were Banim, Lover, Griffin, Callanan, Father Prout, Mangan, Furlong, Maginn, Lady Morgan, Curran, Drennan, Orr, and about twenty contributors to the *University*, *Citizen*, *Irish Monthly*, and other periodicals. Turning, with these authors in our memory, to the English and Scotch collections, we find that, even putting Moore out of view for the moment, the songs of Ireland are immeasurably above those of England, but certainly inferior to those of Scotland.

England's songs are the worst in the world. Haynes Bayley's ormolu melodies are among the best things she has; these are adequate to tell the sick sentiment of the West-end; but what songs has she to tell her deeds, and her passions? England's navy is her greatest glory; her seamen are her most real heroes; yet she has no

better naval songs than the stilted theatrical odes of Dibdin—things without the fury, the fun, or even the thoughts of the sailor, and written for airs which belong to the opera, not the forecastles. There is but one thoroughly good English sea-song, and it was written by an Irishman to an Irish tune—"The Arethusa," by Mr. Hoare, an Irishman, which is sung to Carolan's air, "The Princess Royal." Humour the English have not, so they naturally borrow the gay songs of Ireland and Scotland; where these fail they versify the slang of London thieves and rural poachers, and think they have humorous songs.

Barry Cornwall has certainly produced a volume of poems not deficient in grace and vigour, but which are scarcely songs, though he calls them so, and are not in any sense *national* songs.

English robbery of Irish literature is quite as marked as of Irish wealth. To keep to this section of literature, we find in one of the best collections of English songs the verses of Congreve, Goldsmith, Hoare, Lover, Lady Morgan, Otway, Parnell, Roscommon, Sheridan, Swift, and a lament from the editor that he was not allowed to put in some of Moore's.

War, wine, and women, were said to be the only subjects for song, and England has not a

dozen good songs on any of them. One verse of the "British Grenadiers," and a couple of tolerable ballads, are her stock of war songs. "Rule Britannia" is a Scotch song, and "God save the King" a parody on another Scotch song. Bishop Still's "Jolly Good Ale" is almost the only hearty drinking song of England, and that is an antique. As to the English love poems—they are very clever, very learned, full of excellent similes, but quite empty of love. There is a cold glitter and a dull exaggeration through the whole set, from Marlow and Jonson to Waller and Turnbull, that would make an Irish or Scotch girl despise the man who sung them to her.

For example, here is a song of Ben Jonson's, of which his editor says, "If it be not the most beautiful in the language, I freely confess, for my own part, that I know not where it is to be found:—"

OH! DO NOT WANTON.

Oh! do not wanton with those eyes,
Lest I be sick with seeing;
Nor cast them down, but let them rise,
Lest shame destroy their being.

Oh! be not angry with those fires,
For then their threats will kill me;
Nor look too kind on my desires,
For then my hopes will spill me.

Oh ! do not steep them in thy tears,
For so will sorrow slay me ;
Nor spread them as distract with fears—
Mine own enough betray me.

Most of the love songs of England are of this clever, heartless kind, and few of them so good. There are, however, a few good lyrics by Englishmen ; for instance, John Cunningham's "Kate of Aberdeen," Bishop Percy's "Nanny, wilt thou go with me," Jonson's "Drink to me only with thine eyes," Charles Lamb's "Catherine Orkney," and one or two of Carey's, Gay's, Byron's, and Shelley's.

Contrast such English songs with any of the hundreds of good Scotch songs, or rather let us take a sample from the early times of Scotland :—

THE EWE-BUGHTS, MARION.

Will ye gae to the ewe-bughts, Marion,
And wear in the sheep wi' me?
The sun shines sweet, my Marion ;
But nae half sae sweet as thee.
O, Marion's a bonnie lass,
And the blythe blinks in her e'e ;
And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
 And silk on your white hause-bane ;
 Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion,
 At e'en when I come hame.

There's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,
 Wha gape, and glowr with their e'e,
 At kirk, when they see my Marion ;
 But nane o' them lo'es like me.

I've nine milk-ewes, my Marion ;
 A cow and a brawny quey,
 Ise gi'e them a' to my Marion,
 Just on her bridal day ;
 And ye's get a green sey apron,
 And waistcoat o' London brown,
 And vow but ye will be vap'ring,
 Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion ;
 Nane dances like me on the green :
 And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
 I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean ;
 Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
 And kirtle o' cramasie ;
 And soon as my chin has nae hair on,
 I shall come west, and see ye.

And then, skipping over such names as Ramsay, Burns, Scott, Campbell, and Hogg, and the often nameless or obscure authors of the Jacobite Minstrelsy, to come on such songs as Cunningham's

"Nannie O!" "My ain Countree," "Phemie Irvine," or the fine ballad song of "My Gentle Hugh Herries." Oh! that Scotland is worth a hundred Englands!

The Scotch songs evidently are full of heart and reality. They are not written for the stage. They were the slow growth of intense passion, simple taste, and a heroic state of society. Love, mirth, patriotism, are not the ornaments, but the inspiration of these songs. They are full of personal narrative, streaming hopes and fears, bounding joy in music, absolute disregard for prettiness, and, then, they are thoroughly Scotch.

It may be said that Moore is lyrist enough for Ireland. We might show that though he is perfect in his expression of the softer feelings, and unrivalled even by Burns in many of his gay songs, yet, that he is often deficient in vehemence, does not speak the sterner passions, spoils some of his finest songs by pretty images, is too refined and subtle in his dialect, and too negligent of narrative; but to prove these assertions would take too great space, and perhaps lead some one to think we wished to run down Moore. He is immeasurably our greatest poet, and the greatest lyrist, except Burns and Beranger, that ever lived; but he has not given songs to the middle

and poor classes of Irish. The Irish-speaking people have songs by the thousand, but they (especially the political ones) are too despairing ; the poor, who are limited, (and, therefore, in some sort barbarised) to English alone, have only the coarsest ballads, wherein an occasional thought of frolic, or wrath, or misery, is utterly unable to redeem the mass of threadbare jests, ribaldry, mock sentiment from the heathen mythology, low thoughts, and barbarous misuse of the metres and rhymes of the language. The middle classes are forced to put up with snatches from those above and below them, and have less music than either.

We want the verse-writers of Ireland to try and remedy all these wants. If they be poets, they can do so. If they be men of bounding animal spirits, who love the rise because of its toil, and the descent because of its speed—who have grown up amid the common talk and pictures of nature—the bosomed lake amid rocks—like a woman in a warrior's arms—the endless sea with its roaring or whispering fringes—the mantled, or glittering, or thundering night—the bleak moor, the many-voiced trees, the bounding river—if they be men who have passionately loved, and, ere philosophy raised them above it, ardently hated—if they are men generous in friendship,

hearty at the hearth, tranced by sweet or maddened by strong sounds, sobbing with unused strength and fiery for freedom and glory, then they can write lyrics for every class in Ireland.

There are great gaps in Irish Song to be filled up. This is true even of the songs of the Irish-speaking people. Many of the short snatches preserved among them from olden times are sweet and noble ; but the bulk of the songs are very defective. Most of those hitherto in use were composed during the last century, and, therefore, their structure is irregular, their grief slavish and despairing, their joy reckless and bombastic, their religion bitter and sectarian, their politics Jacobite, and concealed by extravagant and tiresome allegory. . Ignorance, disorder, and every kind of oppression weakened and darkened the lyric genius of Ireland. Even these, such as they are, diminish daily in the country, and a lower class come in. We have before us a number of the ballads now printed at Cork, in Irish, and English and Irish mixed. They are little above the street ballads in the English tongue. If Hardiman's and Daly's collections be fair specimens (as we believe they are) of the Irish Jacobite songs, we should not care to have more than a few of them given to the

people ; but, perhaps, there may be twenty, which, if printed clearly in slips, would sell as ballads in the Irish districts.

Assuming that the morsels given in O'Reilly's catalogue of Irish writers do not exaggerate the merits of the older bards, their works would supply numberless pastoral, love, joy, wailing, and war songs. A popular editor of these could condense them into three or four verses each—cut them so as exactly to suit the airs, preserve the local and broad historical allusions, but remove the clumsy ornaments and exaggerations. This is what Ramsay, Burns, and Cunningham did with the Lowland Scotch songs, and thus made them what they are—the best in Europe. This need not prevent complete editions of these songs in learned books ; but such books are for libraries, not cabins.

There is one want, however, in *all* the Irish songs—it is of strictly national lyrics. They are national in form and colour, but clannish in opinion. In fact, from Brian's death, there was no thought of an Irish nation, save when some great event, like Aodh O'Neill's march to Munster, or Owen Roe's victory at Beinnburb, flashed and vanished. These songs celebrate M'Carthy or O'More, O'Connor, or O'Neill—*his* prowess,

his following, *his* hospitality ; but they cry down his Irish, or “more than Irish” neighbour, as fiercely as they do the foreign oppressor. True it is you will find amid the flight of minstrels one bolder than the rest, who mourns for the time when the Milesians swayed, and tells that “a soul has come into Eire,” and summons all the Milesian tribes to battle for Ireland. But even in the 17th century, when the footing of the Norman and Saxon in Ireland was as sure as that of the once-invading Milesians themselves, we find the cry purely to the older Irish races, and the bounds of the nation made, not by the island, but by genealogy.

We may remark, in passing, that on no hypothesis did these same Milesians form more than the aristocracy of ancient Ireland—a class—a race of conquerors.

Dr. MacHale has made a noble attempt to supply this deficiency by his translation of Moore into Irish ; but we are told that the language of his translation is too literary, and that the people do not relish these songs. A stronger reason for their failure (if in so short a time their fate can be judged) is, that the originals want the idiom and colour of the country, and are too subtle in thought. This remark does not apply

to Moore's love songs, nor to some at least of his political lyrics, and we cannot doubt that, if translated into vernacular Irish, and printed as ballads, they would succeed. For the present nothing better can be done than to paraphrase the *Songs of the Nation* into racy and musical Irish ; though a time may come when some one born amid the Irish tongue, reared amid Gaelic associations, instructed in the state of Modern Ireland, and filled with passion and prophecy, shall sing the union and destiny of all the races settled on Irish ground, till the vales of Munster and the cliffs of Connaught ring with the words of Nationality.

But whatever may be done by translation and editing for the songs of the Irish-speaking race, those of our English-speaking countrymen are to be written. Moore, Griffin, Banim, and Callanan have written plenty of songs. Those of Moore have reached the drawing-rooms ; but what do the People know even of his ? Buy a ballad in any street in Ireland, from the metropolis to the village, and you will find in it, perhaps, some humour, some tenderness, and some sweetness of sound ; but you will certainly find bombast, or slander, or coarseness, united in all cases with false rhythm, false rhyme, conceited

imagery, black paper, and blotted printing. A high class of ballads would do immense good—the present race demean and mislead the People as much as they stimulate them; for the sale of these ballads is immense, and printers in Dublin, Drogheda, Cork, and Belfast, live by their sale exclusively. Were an enterprising man to issue the choice songs of Drennan, Griffin, Moore, on good paper, and well printed, he would make a fortune of “halfpenny ballads.”

The Anglo-Irish songs, through most of the last century, are generally indecent or factious. The cadets of the Munster Protestants, living like garrison soldiers, drinking, racing, and dancing, wrote the one class. The clergy of the Ulster Presbyterians wrote the other. “The Rakes of Mallow,” and “The Protestant Boys,” are choice specimens of the two classes—vigorous and musical, and Irish, no doubt, but surely not fit for this generation.

Great opportunities came with the Volunteers and United Irishmen, but the men were wanting. We have but one good Volunteer song. It was written by Lysaght, after that illustrious militia was dissolved. Drennan’s “Wake of William Orr” is not a song; but he gave the United men the only good song they had—“When Erin first

rose." In "Paddy's Resource," the text-book of the men who were "up," there is but one tolerable song—"God save the Rights of Man;" nor, looking beyond these, can we think of anything of a high class but "The Sean Bhan Bhochd," "The Wearing of the Green," Lysaght's "Island," and Reynolds' "Erin go bragh," if it be his.

Two of Lady Morgan's songs, "Savournah Dilis" and "Kate Kearney," have certainly gone through all classes, and perhaps we might add a little to these exceptions; but it is a sad fact that most of the few good songs we have described are scarce, and are never printed in a ballad shape.

There is plenty, then, for the present race of Irish lyrists to do. They have a great heritage in the national music. It has every excellence and every variety. It is not needful for a writer of our songs to be a musician, though he will certainly gain much accuracy, and save much labour to others and himself by being so. Moore is a musician of great attainments, and Burns used to compose his songs when going over, and over, and over the tune with or without words. But constantly listening to the playing of Irish airs will enable any man with a tolerable ear and otherwise qualified, to write words to them.

Here, we would give two cautions. First—That the airs in Moore's Melodies are very corrupt, and should never be used for the study of Irish music. This is even more true of Lover's tunes. There is no need of using them, for Bunting's and Holden's collections are cheaper, and contain pure settings. Secondly—That as there are hundreds of the finest airs to which no English words have been written, and as the effect of a song is greatly increased by having one set of words always joined with one tune, our versifiers should carefully avoid the airs to which Moore, Griffin, or any other Irishman has written even moderately good words.

In endeavouring to learn an air for the purpose of writing words to it, the first care should of course be to get at its character—as gay, hopeful, loving, sentimental, lively, hesitating, woful, despairing, resolute, fiery or variable.—Many Irish airs take a different character when played fast or slow, lightly or strongly ; but there is some one mode of playing which is best of all, and the character expressed by it must determine the character of the words. For, nothing can be worse than a gay song to calm music, or massive words to a delicate air ; in all cases *the tune*

must suggest, and will suggest, to the lyrist the sentiment of the words.

The tune will, of course, fix the number of lines in a verse. Frequently the number and order of the lines can be varied. Three rhymes and a fall, or couplets, or alternate rhymes, may answer the same set of notes; or rhymes, if too numerous, may be got rid of by making one long, instead of two short lines. Where the same notes come with emphasis at the ends of musical phrases, the words should rhyme, in order to secure the full effect. The doubling two lines into one is most convenient where the first has accents on both the last syllables, for you thus escape the necessity of double rhyming. In the softer airs the effect of this is rather agreeable than otherwise.

Talking of double rhymes, they are peculiarly fitted for strong political and didactic songs, for the abstract and political words in English are chiefly of Latin origin, of considerable length and gravity, and have double accents. The more familiar English words (which best suit most songs) contain few doubly-accented terminations, and are therefore little fitted for double rhyming.

Expletive syllables in the beginning of lines

where the tune is sharp and gay are often an improvement, but they should never follow a double rhyme.

In strong and firm tunes having a syllable for every note is a perfection, though one hard to be attained without harshness from the crowd of consonants in English. With soft tunes, on the other hand, it is commonly better to have in most lines two or more light notes to one syllable, so that the words may be dwelt on and softly sounded; but where and how must be determined by the taste of the writer.

The sound of the air will always show the current of thought, its pauses, and changes. And a nice attention and bold sympathy with these properties of a tune is necessary to lyrical success.

A great advantage, too, of writing for existing airs is the variety of metres thus gained, and the naturally-greater variety of thought and expression thus suggested.

We have spoken in reference to Ballads of the use of Choruses and Burdens, and said that we thought there were some Ballads which were injured by them; but all songs, save (perhaps) those of desperate sorrow, gain by burden lines and choruses. They are almost universal in the Native Irish and Lowland Scotch. Beranger

has employed them in most of his songs, and Moore in many of his. A chorus should, of course, contain the very spirit of the song—bounding, if it be gay, fierce if it be bold, doting if it loves. Merely repeating one verse between, or at the head or tail of another, is not putting a chorus ; it must be *the* verse which beats the best on your ear, and has the most echo in your heart. So, too, of burdens, they are not made merely by bringing in the same words in like places. They must be marked words forcibly brought in.

Irish choruses have often a glorious effect in English songs, nor need any one familiar with the peasantry, or with Edward O'Reilly's Irish Writers, published as the first part of the *Transactions of the Iberno-Celtic Society*, be at any loss for them.

These are some of the minutiae of song-writing, which we note for the consideration of our young writers, leaving them to add to, or modify these, according to their observation.

Of course, different men and different moods will produce various classes of songs. We shall have places for all. Songs for the Street and Field, require simple words, bold, strong imagery, plain, deep passions, (love, patriotism, conciliation, glory, indignation, resolve,) daring humour, broad

narrative, highest morals. In songs for the wealthier classes, great subtlety, remoter allusion, less obvious idiom and construction, will be tolerable, though in all cases we think simplicity and heartiness needful to the perfect success of a song.

If men able to write, will fling themselves gallantly and faithfully on the work we have here plotted for them, we shall soon have Fair and Theatre, Concert and Drawing-Room, Road and Shop, echoing with Songs bringing home Love, Courage, and Patriotism to every heart.



THE
SONGS OF IRELAND.

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT
SHED.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

It is not the tear at this moment shed,
When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,
That can tell how beloved is the friend that's fled,
And how deep in our hearts we deplore him.
'Tis the tear, through many a long day wept,
Through a life by his loss all shaded;
'Tis the sad remembrance fondly kept,
When all other griefs have faded.

And thus shall we mourn, and his memory's light,
As it shines through our hearts, shall improve them,
And worth shall seem fairer and truth more bright,
When we think how he lived but to love them.

And as buried saints the grave perfume,
 Where fadeless they've long been lying,
 So our hearts shall borrow a sweetening bloom,
 From the image he left there in dying.

SONGS OF OUR LAND.

AIR—“*Old Langolee.*”

Songs of our land, ye are with us for ever :
 The power and the splendour of thrones pass away,
 But yours is the might of some far flowing river,
 Through summer's bright roses, or autumn's decay.
 Ye treasure each voice of the swift passing ages,
 And truth, which time writeth on leaves or on sand ;
 Ye bring us the bright thoughts of poets and sages,
 And keep them among us, old songs of our land.

The bards may go down to the place of their slumbers,
 The lyre of the charmer be hushed in the grave,
 But far in the future the power of their numbers
 Shall kindle the hearts of our faithful and brave.
 It will waken an echo in souls deep and lonely,
 Like voices of reeds by the summer breeze fanned ;
 It will call up a spirit of freedom, when only
 Her breathings are heard in the songs of our land.

For they keep a record of those, the true-hearted,
Who fell with the cause they had vowed to maintain;
They show us bright shadows of glory departed,
Of the love that grew cold, and the hope that was
vain;
The page may be lost and the pen long forsaken,
And weeds may grow wild o'er the brave heart and
hand;
But ye are still left when all else hath been taken,
Like streams in the desert, sweet songs of our land.

Songs of our land, ye have followed the stranger,
With power over ocean and desert afar,
Ye have gone with our wanderers through distance and
danger,
And gladdened their path like a home-guiding star;
With the breath of our mountains in summers long
vanished,
And visions that passed like a wave from our strand,
With hope for their country and joy from her banished,
Ye come to us ever, sweet songs of our land.

The spring-time may come with the song of her glory,
To bid the green heart of the forest rejoice;
But the pine of the mountain, though blasted and hoary,
And rock in the desert, can send forth a voice.
It is thus in their triumph for deep desolations,
While ocean waves roll, or the mountains shall stand,
Still hearts that are bravest, and best of the nations,
Shall glory and live in the songs of our land.

THE MAID OF CASTLE CRAIGH.

THREE times the flowers have faded since I left my native home,
Through hopeless love enlisting, in foreign lands to roam ;
But wheresoe'er I wandered—near or far away,
No maiden fair could e'er compare with the Maid of Castle Craigh.

Her blooming cheek was like the rose, all blushing ; and her eye
Like yonder star, that shines afar so bright and tenderly ;
Her bosom like the snow, in ev'ning's rosy ray,
But oh ! it seemed as cold to me, sweet Maid of Castle Craigh.

I courted her a year and more, and sought to gain her love,
And sure her heart was fond and warm, though timid as the dove ;
For oh ! I never knew, till I was far away,
That I had won thy gentle heart, dear maid of Castle Craigh.

But now my griefs are all at rest, the wars at length are
o'er,
And landed safe on Erin's soil, I'll never leave it more;
But live in peace and joy, to bless each happy day,
With thee, my own, my only love, dear maid of Castle
Craigh.

Un t-rean Bean bocht.*

Oh ! the French are on the sea,
Says the t-rean bean bocht ;
The French are on the sea,
Says the t-rean bean bocht ;
Oh ! the French are in the bay,
They'll be here without delay,
And the Orange will decay,
Says the t-rean bean bocht.

CHORUS.

Oh ! the French are in the Bay,
They'll be here by break of day,
And the Orange will decay,
Says the t-rean bean bocht.

* "The poor old woman." The versions of this song are numberless; but that here given is considered the best. The date of its composition is 1797, the period at which the French fleet arrived in Bantry Bay. The nearest approximation to the pronunciation of the name of the song, capable of being communicated by orthography to English ears, is "Shan van vocht," the vulgar mode of spelling it.

And where will they have their camp?

Says the *rean bean bocht*;

Where will they have their camp?

Says the *rean bean bocht*;

On the Currach of Kildare

The boys they will be there

With their pikes in good repair,

Says the *rean bean bocht*.

To the Currach of Kildare

The boys they will repair,

And Lord Edward will be there,

Says the *rean bean bocht*.

Then what will the yeomen do?

Says the *rean bean bocht*;

What *will* the yeomen do?

Says the *rean bean bocht*;

What *should* the yeomen do,

But throw off the red and blue,

And swear that they'll be true

To the *rean bean bocht*?

What *should* the yeomen do

But throw off the red and blue,

And swear that they'll be true

To the *rean bean bocht*?

And what colour will they wear ?

Says the *Tean Bean Bocht* ;

What colour will they wear ?

Says the *Tean Bean Bocht* ;

What colour should be seen

Where our Fathers' homes have been,

But our own immortal Green ?

Says the *Tean Bean Bocht*.

What colour should be seen

Where our Fathers' homes have been,

But our own immortal Green ?

Says the *Tean Bean Bocht*.

And will Ireland then be free ?

Says the *Tean Bean Bocht* ;

Will Ireland then be free ?

Says the *Tean Bean Bocht* ;

Yes ! Ireland SHALL be free,

From the centre to the sea ;

Then hurra for Liberty !

Says the *Tean Bean Bocht*.

Yes ! Ireland SHALL be free,

From the centre to the sea ;

Then hurra for Liberty !

Says the *Tean Bean Bocht*.

Wáillíj̄ mo Tcój̄il.*

BY THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE OGLE.

[Mr. Ogle was born in 1789, and died in 1814. He represented Dublin city in 1799, and voted against the Union. This beautiful song is supposed to have been addressed to Miss Moore, the lady to whom he was afterwards married.]

As down by Banna's banks I strayed,
 One evening in May,
 The little birds, in blithest notes,
 Made vocal ev'ry spray ;
 They sung their little notes of love,
 They sung them o'er and o'er,
 Ah ! Ȣnáð mo c̄lój̄de mo c̄ajl̄n̄ óz, †
 'Tí 214ill̄j̄ mo t̄cój̄il.

The daisy pied, and all the sweets
 The dawn of Nature yields—
 The primrose pale, and vi'let blue,
 Lay scattered o'er the fields ;
 Such fragrance in the bosom lies
 Of her whom I adore.
 Ah ! Ȣnáð mo c̄lój̄de, &c.

* Pronounced Molly Mosthore.

† Commonly written, "Gramachree ma collennoge, my Molly Asthore." | Its literal translation is, "Love of my heart—my dear young girl—my darling Molly."

I laid me down upon a bank,
 Bewailing my sad fate,
 That doom'd me thus the slave of love,
 And cruel Molly's hate;
 How can she break the honest heart
 That wears her in its core?
 Ah! *Táid mo chroíte*, &c.

You said you loved me, Molly dear!
 Ah! why did I believe?
 Yet who could think such tender words
 Were meant but to deceive?
 That love was all I asked on earth—
 Nay Heaven could give no more.
 Ah! *Táid mo chroíte*, &c.

Oh! had I all the flocks that graze
 On yonder yellow hill;
 Or lowed for me the numerous herds
 That yon green pasture fill—
 With her I love I'd gladly share
 My kine and fleecy store.
 Ah! *Táid mo chroíte*, &c.

Two turtle-doves, above my head,
 Sat courting on a bough,
 I envied them their happiness,
 To see them bill and coo,
 Such fondness once for me was shown,
 But now, alas! tis o'er.
 Ah! *Táid mo chroíte*, &c.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear!
 Thy loss I e'er shall moan.
 Whilst life remains in Strephon's heart,
 'Twill beat for thee alone:
 Though thou art false, may Heaven on thee
 It's choicest blessings pour.
 Ah! *Táid mo chroíte, &c.*

Éire.*

BY DR. DRENNAN.

WHEN ÉIRE first rose from the dark swelling flood,
 God bless'd the green island, and saw it was good;
 The em'rald of Europe, it sparkled and shone,
 In the ring of the world, the most precious stone.
 In her sun, in her soil, in her station thrice blest,
 With her back towards Britain, her face to the West,
 ÉIRE stands proudly insular, on her steep shore,
 And strikes her high harp mid the ocean's deep roar.

But when its soft tones seem to mourn and to weep,
 The dark chain of silence is thrown o'er the deep;
 At the thought of the past the tears gush from her eyes,
 And the pulse of her heart makes her white bosom rise.
 O! sons of green ÉIRE, lament o'er the time,
 When religion was war, and our country a crime
 When man in God's image, inverted his plan,
 And moulded his God in the image of man.

* *Vulgo Erin.*

When the int'rest of state wrought the general woe,
The stranger a friend, and the native a foe;
While the mother rejoic'd o'er her children oppressed,
And clasp'd the invader more close to her breast.
When with pale for the body and pale for the soul,
Church and state joined in compact to conquer the whole;
And as Shannon was stained with Milesian blood,
Ey'd each other askance and pronounced it was good.

By the groans that ascend from your forefathers' grave,
For their country thus left to the brute and the slave,
Drive the demon of Bigotry home to his den,
And where Britain made brutes now let Éire make men.
Let my sons like the leaves of the shamrock unite,
A partition of sects from one footstalk of right,
Give each his full share of the earth and the sky,
Nor fatten the slave where the serpent would die.

Alas ! for poor Éire that some are still seen,
Who would die the grass red from their hatred to Green ;
Yet, oh ! when you're up and they're down, let them
live,
Then yield them that mercy which they would not give.
Arm of Éire be strong ! but be gentle as brave !
And uplifted to strike, be still ready to save !
Let no feeling of vengeance presume to defile
The cause of, or men of, the Emerald Isle.

The cause it is good, and the men they are true,
And the green shall outlive both the Orange and Blue !

And the triumphs of Éire her daughters shall share,
 With the full swelling chest, and the fair flowing hair.
 Their bosom heaves high for the worthy and brave,
 But no coward shall rest in that soft-swelling wave;
 Men of Éire ! awake, and make haste to be blest,
 Rise—Arch of the Ocean, and Queen of the West !

BUMPER, SQUIRE JONES.

BY ARTHUR DAWSON,

BARON OF THE EXCHEQUER.

[This celebrated song was written to an air of Carolan's, "Planxty Jonesa." Walker and Bunting have supposed the words to be paraphrased from the Irish; but there seems no doubt that they are the original composition of the facetious judge. The following history of the song is given in the *Dublin University Magazine*, for January, 1841:—]

"Respecting the origin of Carolan's fine air of 'Bumper, Squire Jones,' we have heard a different account from that given on O'Neill's authority. It was told us by our lamented friend, the late Dean of St. Patrick's, as the tradition preserved in his family, and was to the following effect: Carolan and Baron Dawson, the grand or great grand-uncle to the dean, happened to be enjoying together, with others, the hospitalities of Squire Jones at Moneyglass, and slept in rooms adjacent to each other. The bard, being called upon by the company to compose a song or tune in honour of their host, undertook to comply with their request, and on retiring to his apartment, took his harp with him, and under the inspiration of copious libations of his favourite liquor, not only produced the melody now known as 'Bumper, Squire Jones,' but also very indifferent English words to it. While the bard was thus employed, however, the judge was not idle. Being possessed of a fine musical ear, as well as of considerable poetical talents, he not only

fixed the melody on his memory, but actually wrote the noble song now incorporated with it before he retired to rest. The result may be anticipated. At breakfast on the following morning, when Carolan sang and played his composition, Baron Dawson, to the astonishment of all present, and of the bard in particular, stoutly denied the claim of Carolan to the melody, charged him with audacious piracy, both musical and poetical, and, to prove the fact, sang the melody to his own words amidst the joyous shouts of approbation of all his hearers—the enraged bard excepted, who vented his execrations in curses on the judge both loud and deep."]

Ye good-fellows all,
 Who love to be told where good claret's in store,
 Attend to the call
 Of one who's ne'er frightened,
 But greatly delighted,
 With six bottles more :
 Be sure you don't pass
 The good house Money-glass,
 Which the jolly red god so peculiarly owns ;
 'Twill well suit your humour,
 For pray what would you more,
 Than mirth, with good claret, and bumpers, Squire
 Jones.

Ye lovers, who pine
 For lasses that oft prove as cruel as fair,
 Who whimper and whine
 For lilies and roses,
 With eyes, lips, and noses,
 Or tip of an ear :
 Come hither, I'll show you,
 How Phillis and Chloe,

No more shall occasion such sighs and such groans ;
For what mortal so stupid
As not to quit Cupid,
When called by good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones.

Ye poets, who write,
And brag of your drinking fam'd Helicon's brook,
Though all you get by 't
Is a dinner oft-times,
In reward of your rhymes,
With Humphry the duke :
Learn Bacchus to follow
And quit your Apollo,
Forsake all the Muses, those senseless old crones .
Our jingling of glasses,
Your rhyming surpasses,
When crowned with good claret, and bumpers, Squire
Jones.

Ye soldiers so stout,
With plenty of oaths, tho' no plenty of coin,
Who make such a rout
Of all your commanders
Who served us in Flanders,
And eke at the Boyne :
Come leave off your rattling
Of sieging and battling,
And know you'd much better to sleep in whole bones ;
Were you sent to Gibraltar
Your notes you'd soon alter,
And wish for good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones.

Ye clergy so wise,
Who myst'ries profound can demonstrate most clear,
How worthy to rise !

You preach once a week,
But your tithes never seek
Above once in a year :
Come here without failing,
And leave off your railing
'Gainst bishops providing for dull stupid drones ;
Says the text so divine,
" What is life without wine ?"
Then away with the claret—a bumper, Squire Jones.

Ye lawyers so just,
Be the cause what it will, who so learnedly plead,
How worthy of trust,
You know black from white,
Yet prefer wrong to right
As you chance to be fee'd :
Leave musty reports,
And forsake the king's courts,
Where dulness and discord have set up their thrones ;
Burn Salkeld and Ventris,
With all your damn'd Entries,
And away with the claret—a bumper, Squire Jones.

Ye physical tribe,
Whose knowledge consists in hard words and grimace,
Whene'er you prescribe,

Have at your devotion,
Pills, bolus, or potion,
Be what will the case:
Pray where is the need
To purge, blister, and bleed?
When, ailing yourselves, the whole faculty owns,
That the forms of old Galen
Are not so prevailing
As mirth with good claret—and bumpers, Squire Jones.

Ye foxhunters eke,
That follow the call of the horn and the hound,
Who your ladies forsake,
Before they're awake,
To beat up the brake
Where the vermin is found:
Leave Piper and Blueman,
Shrill Duchess and Trueman;
No music is found in such dissonant tones:
Would you ravish your ears
With the songs of the spheres,
Hark away to the claret—a bumper, Squire Jones.

RORY O'MORE.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

Author of "Traits and Stories of Ireland," &c.

YOUNG Rory O'More courted Kathleen báin,
 He was bold as a hawk, and she soft as the dawn;
 He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
 And he thought the best way to do that was to tease;
 "Now Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,
 (Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye;)
 "With your tricks, I don't know, in troth, what I'm
 about,
 Faith, you've teas'd me till I've put on my cloak inside
 out!"
 "Och, jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way,
 You've thrated my heart for this many a day,
 And 'tis plased that I am, and why not, to be sure?
 For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.
 "Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the
 like,
 For I half gave a promise to soothering Mike,
 The ground that I walk on, he loves, I'll be bound."
 "Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the
 ground."
 "Now Rory, I'll cry, if you don't let me go,
 Sure I dhrame every night that I am hating you so."

"Och," says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
For dhrames always go by contraries, my dear;
So, jewel, keep dramin' that same till you die,
And bright mornin' will give dirty night the black lie,
And 'tis pleased that I am, and why not, to be sure?
Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teased me enough,
And I've thrash'd for your sake Dinny Grimes and James
Duff,

And I've made myself, drinkin' your health, quite a
baste,

So I think, after that, I may talk to the priest."

Then Rory the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
So soft, and so white, without freckle or speck,
And he looked in her eyes that were beaming with light,
And he kiss'd her sweet lips—don't you think he was
right?

"Now, Rory, leave off, Sir, you'll hug me no more,
That's eight times to day that you've kiss'd me before."

"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

LET Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betray'd her ;
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
Which he won from the proud invader ;
When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger ;
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,
When the clear, cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the waves beneath him shining !
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over ;
Thus, sighing, look thro' the waves of time
For the long faded glories they cover !

THE SONS OF HIBERNIA.

BRAVE sons of Hibernia, your shamrocks display,
For ever made sacred on St. Patrick's day ;
"Tis a type of religion, the badge of our saint,
And a plant of that soil which no venom can taint.

Both Venus and Mars to that land lay a claim,
Their title is own'd and recorded by fame :
But Saint Patrick to friendship has hallow'd the ground,
And made hospitality ever abound.

Then with shamrocks and myrtles let's garnish the bowl,
In converse convivial and sweet flow of soul,
To our saint make oblations of generous wine,
What saint would have more, sure 'tis worship divine ?

Tho' jovial and festive in seeming excess,
We've hearts sympathetic of others' distress.
May our shamrock continue to flourish and prove
An emblem of charity, friendship, and love.

May the blights of disunion no longer remain,
Our shamrock to wither, its glories to stain ;
May it flourish for ever, we heaven invoke,
Kindly shelter'd and fenc'd by the brave Irish oak.

Cnúircín láń.*

Let the farmer praise his grounds,
 Let the huntsman praise his hounds,
 The shepherd his dew-scented lawn;
 But I more bless'd than they,
 Spend each happy night and day

With my charming little Cnúircín láń, láń, láń.

My charming little Cnúircín láń.

Ínráð mo ériordé mo érnúircín,
 Ír tlájnté zeal mo m'húriñj,
 Ír zíráð mo ériordé a cùjljñ báñ,
 Ínráð mo ériordé mo érnúircín,
 Ír tlájnté zeal mo m'húriñj,
 Ír zíráð mo ériordé a cùjljñ báñ, báñ, báñ.
 Ír zíráð mo ériordé a cùjljñ báñ.

* Vulgarly *cruiskeen* *lawn*, Anglicè—a little jug. The chorus as commonly written in order to convey some idea of its sound to the English reader is mere gibberish, viz:—

Gramachree ma cruikeen,
 Slantha gal mavourneen,
 Gramachree a coolin bawn, &c.

Its translation is literally:

"The love of my heart is my little jug—
 The bright health of my darling girl.
 The love of my heart is her fair hair," &c.

Immortal and divine,
Great Bacchus God of wine,

Create me by adoption your son ;
In hope that you'll comply
That my glass shall ne'er run dry,

Nor my smiling little Cnúicín láin, &c.

Óráid mo chnoicéid, &c.

And when grim death appears,
In a few but pleasant years,
To tell me that my glass has run ;
I'll say begone, you knave,
For bold Bacchus gave me leave
To take another Cnúicín láin, &c.

Óráid mo chnoicéid, &c.

KATHLEEN O'MORE.

My love, still I think that I see her once more,
But, alas ! she has left me her loss to deplore—

 My own little Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
 My Kathleen O'More !

Her hair glossy black, her eyes were dark blue,
Her colour still changing, her smiles ever new—
 So pretty was Kathleen, my sweet little Kathleen,
 My Kathleen O'More !

She milk'd the dun cow, that ne'er offered to stir ;
Though wicked to all, it was gentle to her—
 So kind was my Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
 My Kathleen O'More !

She sat at the door one cold afternoon,
To hear the wind blow, and to gaze on the moon,
 So pensive was Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
 My Kathleen O'More !

Cold was the night-breeze that sigh'd round her bow'r,
It chill'd my poor Kathleen, she droop'd from that hour ;
 And I lost my poor Kathleen, my own little Kathleen,
 My Kathleen O'More.

The bird, of all birds that I love the best,
Is the robin that in the church-yard builds his nest—
 For he seems to watch Kathleen, hops lightly o'er
 Kathleen,
 My Kathleen O'More.

SONG OF MOINA THE MANIAC.

Ara—"County of Monaghan Caoine."

"I've called my love, but he still sleeps on,
And his lips are as cold as clay:
I have kissed them o'er and o'er again—
I have pressed his cheek with my burning brow,
And I've watched o'er him all the day.
Is it then true that no more thou'lt smile
On Moina?

Art thou then lost to thy Moina?

"Dear were our cottage and garden to me,
When the hand of the spoiler came;
Bright was the dew on my loved rose tree—
Every leaf looked green as an emerald bright,
Enclosed in a diamond frame.
Withered that tree where my love first wooed
His Moina!
But more withered the heart of poor Moina.

"I once had a lamb my love gave me,
As the mountain snow 'twas white:
Oh! how I loved it nobody knows!
I decked it each morn with the myrtle and rose—
With 'forget me not' at night.
My lover they slew, and they tore my lamb
From Moina!
They pierced the heart's core of poor Moina!"

A linnet sang sweet on a bough hard-by,
 Then flew past the hapless maid—
 “ ‘Tis my love,” she cried, “ his voice I know !”
 And she followed the bird to the valley below,
 And was lost in the evening shade.
 Slowly and heavily home I turned
 From Moina—
 And wept o'er the fate of poor Moina.

THE BOYS OF KILKENNY.

Oh ! the boys of Kilkenny are brave roving blades,
 And if ever they meet with the nice little maids,
 They'll kiss them, and coax them, and spend their
 money free,
 And of all towns in Ireland Kilkenny for me.

In the town of Kilkenny there runs a clear stream,
 In the town of Kilkenny there lives a pretty dame,
 Her lips are like roses, and her mouth much the same,
 Like a dish of fresh strawberries smothered in cream.

Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's famed coal,
 Which through my poor bosom have burnt a big hole,
 Her mind, like its river, is mild, clear, and pure,
 But her heart is more hard than its marble I'm sure.

Róisín Dubh.

BY THOMAS FUBLONG.

Author of the "Misanthrope," "Doom of Derenzi," &c.

[This song to an old Irish air, is a translation, and has been published by Mr. Hardiman in his Irish Minstrelsy, vol. 1, p. 254, with the following note appended to it:—

"Roisin Dubh, Little Black Rose, is an allegorical ballad, in which strong political feelings are conveyed, as a personal address from a lover to his fair one. The allegorical meaning has been long since forgotten, and the verses are now remembered and sung as a plaintive love ditty. It was composed in the reign of Elizabeth of England, to celebrate our Irish hero, Hugh Ruadh O'Donnell, of Tyrconnell. By Roisin Dubh, supposed to be a beloved female, is meant Ireland. The toils and sufferings of the patriot soldier are throughout described as the cares and feelings of an anxious lover addressing the object of his affection. The song concludes with a bold declaration of the dreadful struggle which would be made before the country should be surrendered to the embraces of our hero's hated and implacable rival. The air is a good specimen of the characteristic melancholy which pervades Irish music."]

Oh ! my sweet little rose, cease to pine for the past,
 For the friends that came eastward shall see thee at last;
 They bring blessings and favours the past never knew,
 To pour forth in gladness on my Róisín Dubh.

Long, long, with my dearest, thro' strange scenes I've
 gone,
 O'er mountains and broad valleys I still have toil'd on ;
 O'er the Erne I have sailed as the rough gales blew,
 While the harp pour'd its music for my Róisín Dubh.

Tho' wearied, oh ! 'my fair one ! do not slight my song,
For my heart dearly loves thee, and hath loved thee
 long ;
In sadness and in sorrow I shall still be true,
And cling with wild fondness round my Rojjyn Dub.

There's no flower that e'er bloomed can my rose excel,
There's no tongue that e'er moved half my love can tell;
Had I strength, had I skill the wide world to subdue,
Oh ! the queen of that wide world should be Rojjyn Dub

Had I power, oh ! my lov'd one, but to plead thy right,
I should speak out in boldness for my heart's delight ;
I would tell to all round me how my fondness grew,
And bid them bless the beauty of my Rojjyn Dub.

The mountains, high and misty, thro' the moors must go,
The rivers shall run backward, and the lakes overflow ;
And the wild waves of old ocean wear a crimson hue,
Ere the world sees the ruin of my Rojjyn Dub.



THE LEAVES SO GREEN.

WHEN life hath left this senseless clay,
By all but thee forgot;
Oh! bear me, dearest, far away,
To some green lonely spot:
Where none with careless step may tread
The grass upon my grave,
But gently o'er my narrow bed
“The leaves so green” may wave.

The wild flowers, too, I loved so well,
Shall breathe their sweetness there,
While thrush and blackbird’s songs shall swell
Amid the fragrant air.
No noisy burst of joy or woe
Will there disturb my rest,
But silent tears in secret flow
From those who loved me best.

The crowded town and haunts of men
I never loved to tread,
To sheltered vale or lonely glen
My weary spirit fled.
Then lay me, dearest, far away,
By other eyes unseen,
Where gleams of sunshine rarely stray,
Beneath “the leaves so green.”

PROTESTANT BOYS.

[This is a rather favourable specimen of the convivial Orange songs, in vogue at the close of the last century. Out of a tolerably large collection which I obtained from a friend, it is the only one possessing any lyrical merit—though its claim to this is slight—which was not too deeply impregnated with party bitterness or anti-Irish sentiment to make its insertion in the present collection useful.]

TELL me, my friends, why are we met here ?

Why thus assembled, ye Protestant Boys ?
Do mirth and good liquor, good humour, good cheer,
Call us to share of festivity's joys ?

Oh, no ! 'tis the cause
Of king—freedom—and laws,
That calls loyal Protestants now to unite ;
And Orange and Blue,
Ever faithful and true,
Our king shall support, and sedition affright.

Great spirit of William ! from heaven look down,
And breathe in our hearts our forefathers' fire—
Teach us to rival their glorious renown,
From Papist or Frenchman ne'er to retire.

Jacobine—Jacobite—
Against all to unite,
Who dare to assail our sovereign's throne,
For Orange and Blue
Will be faithful and true,
And Protestant loyalty ever be shown.

In that loyalty proud, let us ever remain,
Bound together in truth and religion's pure band;
Nor honour's fair cause, with foul bigotry stain,
Since in courage and justice supported we stand.
So heaven shall smile
On our emerald isle,
And lead us to conquest again and again;
While Papists shall prove
Our brotherly love ;—
We hate them as masters—we love them as men.

By the deeds of their fathers to glory inspired,
Our Protestant heroes will combat the foe;
Hearts, with true honour and loyalty fired,
Intrepid, undaunted, to conquest will go.
In Orange and Blue,
Still faithful and true,
The soul-stirring music of glory they'll sing;
The shades of the Boyne
In the chorus will join,
And the welkin re-echo with God save the king.

GO! FORGET ME.

BY THE REV. CHARLES WOLFE.

Author of the celebrated lines on "The Death of Sir John Moore," &c.

AIR—"Open the Window."

Go! forget me, why should sorrow
O'er that brow a shadow fling?
Go! forget me—and to-morrow
Brightly smile, and sweetly sing.
Smile—though I shall not be near thee;
Sing—though I shall never hear thee.
May thy soul with pleasure shine,
Lasting as the gloom of mine.

Like the sun—thy presence glowing,
Clothes the meanest things in light;
And when thou, like him, art going,
Loveliest objects fade in night.
All things looked so bright about thee;
That they nothing seem without thee.
By that pure and lucid mind
Earthly things were too refined.

Go! thou vision, wildly gleaming,
Softly on my soul that fell,
Go! for me no longer beaming,
Hope and beauty, fare ye well!

Go, and all that once delighted
Take—and leave me all benighted,
Glory's burning gen'rous swell,
Fancy and the poet's shell.

SERENADE.

BY J. J. CALLANAN.

Author of the "Recluse of Inchidony," &c.

THE blue waves are sleeping,
The breezes are still,
The light dews are weeping
Soft tears on the hill.
The moon in mild beauty
Shines brightly above;
Then come to the casement,
Oh! Mary, my love.

No form from the lattice
Did ever recline
Over Italy's waters
More lovely than thine.
Then come to the window,
And shed from above
One glance of thy bright eye—
One smile of thy love.

From the storms of this world
 How gladly I'd fly
 To the calm of that breast—
 To the heaven of that eye.
 How deeply I love thee
 'Twere useless to tell,
 Farewell then, my dear one,
 My Mary—farewell.

O Éire, MY COUNTRY!

O Éire, my country ! although thy harp slumbers,
 And lies in oblivion in Tara's old hall,
 With scarce one kind hand to awaken its numbers,
 Or sound a lone dirge to the sons of Fingal.
 The trophies of warfare may hang there neglected,
 For cold lie the warriors to whom they were known :
 But the harp of old Éire shall still be respected,
 While there lives but one bard to enliven its tone.

O Éire, my country ! I love thy green bowers,
 No music's to me like thy murmuring rills ;
 Thy shamrock to me is the fairest of flowers,
 And nought is more dear than thy daisy-clad hills ;
 Thy caves, whether used by the warriors or sages,
 Are still sacred held in each Irishman's heart,
 And thy ivy-crowned turrets, the pride of past ages,
 Though mould'ring in ruin, do grandeur impart.

Britannia may vaunt of her lion and armour,
And glory when she her old wooden walls views ;
Caledonia may boast of her pibroch and claymore,
And pride in her philabeg, kilt, and her hose.
But where is the nation can rival old Éire,
Or where is the country such heroes can boast ?
In battle they're brave as the lion or tiger,
And bold as the eagle that flies round her coast.

The breezes oft shake both the rose and the thistle,
While Éire's green shamrock lies hushed in the vale ;
In safety it rests while the stormy winds whistle,
And grows undisturb'd 'midst the moss of the vale.
Then hail ! fairest island in Neptune's old ocean !
Thou land of St. Patrick, my parents 45140 !
Cold, cold must the heart be, and void of emotion,
That loves not the music of "Éire go b143."

'S4 Ìñújlinjñ Òjljñ.

BY LADY MORGAN.

Authoress of the "Wild Irish Girl," &c.

Ah! the moment was sad when my love and I parted—

'S4 Ìñújlinjñ Òjljñ Ejblijñ ðz.

As I kissed off her tears, I was nigh broken-hearted!—

'S4 Ìñújlinjñ Òjljñ Ejblijñ ðz.

Wan was her cheek which hung on my shoulder—

Damp was her hand, no marble was colder,

I felt that again I should never behold her,

'S4 Ìñújlinjñ Òjljñ Ejblijñ ðz.

When the word of command put our men into motion,

'S4 Ìñújlinjñ Òjljñ Ejblijñ ðz.

I buckled on my knapsack to cross the wide ocean,

'S4 Ìñújlinjñ Òjljñ Ejblijñ ðz.

Brisk were our troops, all roaring like thunder,

Pleased with the voyage, impatient for plunder,

My bosom with grief was almost torn asunder,

'S4 Ìñújlinjñ Òjljñ Ejblijñ ðz.

Long I fought for my country, far, far from my true
love.

'S4 Ìñújlinjñ Òjljñ Ejblijñ ðz.

All my pay and my booty I hoarded for you, love,

'S4 Ìñújlinjñ Òjljñ Ejblijñ ðz.

Peace was proclaimed, escaped from the slaughter,—
Landed at home, my sweet girl I sought her ;
But sorrow, alas ! to the cold grave had brought her ;

'Sá iñújñjñ djljñ Ejblijñ óz.

THE EMERALD ISLE.

[This song is one of a class the most mischievous, and most misleading, that a nation can be familiarised with. Not devoid of spirit, and wearing a certain hue of nationality; it treats with a reckless levity that vice, which, in days now happily gone by, degraded and enslaved our country; and with an equal recklessness falsifies our history. The boast that "invasion could not sever" those, whose accursed divisions made that invasion end in their subjugation and ruin, is the very madness of the drunken slave. Let us trust that our popular literature has been cured, at least, of this taint. The song is inserted only as characteristic of an era in our country's history.—ED.]

Of all nations under the sun,
Dear Éire does truly excel,
For friendship, for valour, for fun,
'Tis fam'd as the world can tell ;
The boys are all hearty, the girls
Sweet daughters of beauty they prove,
The lads they ne'er dread any perils,
The lasses are brimful of love.

Then hurrah ! for the Emerald Isle !
Where shillelahs and shamrocks abound,
May peace and prosperity smile
O'er the land and its natives around.

Our forefathers tell us Saint Pat
Drove venom away from our shore,
The shamrock he bless'd, and for that
We steep it in whiskey *30 leor*. *
He told us while time should remain,
Still happy would be the gay sod,
And bloom in the midst of the main,
By the footsteps of friendship still trod.
Then hurrah, &c.

As for heroes, we have them in plenty,
From gallant old Brian Boroimhe,
In battles, faith upwards of twenty,
He leathered the Danes black and blue.
Invasion our sons could not sever,
Like lions they fought on the strand,
And may their descendants for ever
Protect their own beautiful land.

Then success to, &c.

* Commonly written *galore* and pronounced nearly so.

THE DEAR IRISH BOY.

[Mr. Duffy has given a more modern version of this song in the
"Ballad Poetry of Ireland."]

My Connor, his cheeks are as ruddy as morning,
The brightest of pearls do but mimic his teeth ;
While nature with ringlets his mild brows adorning,
His hair Cupid's bow-strings and roses his breath.
Smiling, beguiling, cheering, endearing,
Together, how oft o'er the mountains we stray'd,
By each other delighted, and fondly united,
I have listened all day to my dear Irish Boy.

No roebuck more swift could fly over the mountain,
No veteran bolder meet danger or scars,
He's sightly, he's sprightly, he's clear as the fountain,
His eyes twinkle love, oh ! he's gone to the wars.
Smiling, beguiling, cheering, &c.

The soft tuneful lark, his notes changed to mourning,
The dark screaming owl impedes my night's sleep,
While lonely I walk in the shade of the evening,
Till my Connor's return I will ne'er cease to weep.
Smiling, beguiling, cheering, &c.

The war being over, and he not returned,
I fear that some dark envious plot has been laid ;
Or that some cruel goddess has him captivated,
And left here to mourn his dear Irish maid.
Smiling, beguiling, cheering, &c.

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer !
Tho' the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;
Here still is the smile, that no cloud can o'ercast,
And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last !

Oh ! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torments, through glory and
shame ?

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee whatever thou art.

Thou hast called me thy angel in moments of bliss,
And thy angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this—
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too.

THE IRISHMAN.

BY JAMES ORR.

AIR—“*Vive la.*”

[Orr, popularly called “The Poet of Ballycarry,” a village between Carrickfergus and Larne—was originally a journeyman weaver. He first appeared before the public as one of the poetical contributors to the *Northern Star*—the organ of the United Irishmen. In 1798 he was engaged in the battle of Antrim, after the fatal issue of which he emigrated to America, where however he remained but a short time, and then returned to his native village where he died on the 24th of April, 1816.]

THE savage loves his native shore,
 Though rude the soil, and chill the air ;
 Then well may Erin’s sons adore
 Their isle which nature formed so fair.
 What flood reflects a shore so sweet
 As Shannon great, or pastoral Bann ?
 Or who a friend or foe can meet
 So generous as an Irishman ?

His hand is rash, his heart is warm,
 But honesty is still his guide ;
 None more repents a deed of harm,
 And none forgives with nobler pride :
 He may be duped, but won’t be dared—
 More fit to practise than to plan ;
 He dearly earns his poor reward,
 And spends it like an Irishman.

If strange or poor, for you he'll pay,
And guide to where you safe may be;
If you're his guest, while e'er you stay,
His cottage holds a jubilee.

His inmost soul he will unlock,
And if he may *your* secrets scan,
Your confidence he scorns to mock,
For faithful is an Irishman.

By honor bound in woe or weal,
Whate'er she bids he dares to do;
Try him with bribes—they won't prevail;
Prove him in fire—you'll find him true.
He seeks not safety, let his post
Be where it ought in danger's van;
And if the field of fame be lost,
It won't be by an Irishman.

Erin! loved land! from age to age,
Be thou more great, more famed, and free;
May peace be thine, or, shouldst thou wage
Defensive war—cheap victory.
May plenty bloom in every field,
Which gentle breezes softly fan,
And cheerful smiles serenely gild
The home of every Irishman!

THE LAND OF THE WEST.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

OH ! come to the West, love ; oh ! come there with me,
'Tis a sweet land of verdure that springs from the sea ;
Where fair plenty smiles from her emerald throne,
Oh ! come to the West, and I'll make thee my own ;
I'll guard thee, I'll tend thee, I'll love thee the best,
And you'll say there's no land like the land of the West.

The south has its roses, and bright skies of blue ;
But ours are more sweet with love's own changeful hue,
Half sunshine, half tears, like the girl I love best—
Oh ! what is the south to the beautiful West ?
Then come there with me, and the rose on thy mouth
Will be sweeter to me than the flowers of the south.

The north has its snow-tow'rs of dazzling array,
All sparkling with gems in the ne'er setting day,
There the storm-king may dwell in the halla he loves
best,
But the soft breathing zephyr he plays in the West ;
Then come to the West, where no cold wind doth blow,
And thy neck will seem fairer to me than the snow.

The sun in the gorgeous east chaseth the night,
When he riseth refreshed in his glory and might,

But where doth he go when he seeks his sweet rest?
 Oh! doth he not haste to the beautiful West?
 Then come there with me, 'tis the land I love best,
 'Tis the land of my sires! 'tis my own darling West.

LAMENT OF MORIAN SHEHONE FOR MISS MARY BOURKE.

*Translation of an Irish Caoine.**

"**T**HREE'S darkness in thy dwelling place, and silence reigns above;
 And Mary's voice is heard no more, like the soft voice of love.
 Yes! thou art gone, my Mary dear; and Morian Shehone
 Is left to sing his song of woe, and wail for thee alone.
 Oh! how white were thy virtues—the beautiful, the young—
 The old with pleasure bent to hear the music of thy tongue:
 The young with rapture gazed on thee, and their hearts in love were bound,
 For thou wast brighter than the sun that sheds its light around.

* Dirge.

My soul is dark, oh! Mary dear! thy sun of beauty's set;

The sorrowful are dumb for thee—the grieved their tears forget;

And I am left to pour my woe above thy grave alone;
For dear wert thou to the fond heart of Morian Shehone.

Fast flowing tears above the grave of the rich man are shed,

But they are dried when the cold stone shuts in his narrow bed;

Not so with my heart's faithful love—the dark grave cannot hide

From Morian's eyes thy form of grace, of loveliness, and pride.

Thou didst not fall like the sere leaf, when Autumn's chill winds blow—

'Twas a tempest and a storm blast that has laid my Mary low.

Had'st thou not friends that loved thee well—had'st thou not garments rare?

Wast thou not happy, Mary—wast thou not young and fair?

Then, why should the dread spoiler come, my heart's peace to destroy,

Or the grim tyrant tear from me my all of earthly joy?

Oh! am I left to pour my woes above thy grave alone?
Thou idol of the faithful heart of Morian Shehone!

Sweet were thy looks and sweet thy smiles, and kind
wast thou to all :
The withering scowl of envy on thy fortunes dared not
fall ;
For thee thy friends lament and mourn, and never cease
to weep :
Oh ! that their lamentations could awake thee from thy
sleep !
Oh ! that thy peerless form again could meet my loving
clasp !
Oh ! that the cold damp hand of Death could loose his
iron grasp !
Yet, when the valley's daughters meet beneath the tall
elm tree,
And talk of Mary as a dream that never more shall be ;
Then may thy spirit float around, like music in the air,
And pour upon their virgin souls a blessing and a
prayer.
Oh ! am I left to pour my wail above thy grave alone ?"
Thus sinks in silence the lament of Morian Shehone !

NORAH THE PRIDE OF KILDARE.

As beauteous as Flora
Is charming young Norah,
The joy of my heart and the pride of Kildare;
I ne'er will deceive her,
For sadly 'twould grieve her,
To find that I sigh'd for another less fair;
Her heart with truth teeming,
Her eye with smiles beaming,
What mortal could injure a blossom so rare
As Norah, dear Norah, the pride of Kildare?

Where'er I may be, love!
I'll ne'er forget thee, love!
Tho' beauties may smile and try to ensnare,
Yet nothing shall ever
My heart from thine sever,
Dear Norah, sweet Norah, the pride of Kildare!
Thy heart with truth teeming,
Thy eye with smiles beaming,
What mortal could injure a blossom so rare
As Norah, dear Norah, the pride of Kildare?

Cúigle mo c̄hoiðe.*

BY THE RIGHT HON. JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

DEAR ÉIRE, how sweetly thy green bosom rises,
 An emerald set in the ring of the sea,
 Each blade of thy meadows my faithful heart prizes,
 Thou queen of the west, the world's Cúigle mo
 c̄hoiðe.

Thy gates open wide to the poor and the stranger—
 There smiles hospitality, hearty and free ;
 Thy friendship is seen in the moment of danger,
 And the wand'rer is welcomed with Cúigle mo
 c̄hoiðe.

Thy sons they are brave ; but, the battle once over,
 In brotherly peace with their foes they agree,
 And the roseate cheeks of thy daughters discover
 The soul-speaking blush that says Cúigle mo
 c̄hoiðe.

Then, flourish for ever, my dear native ÉIRE,
 While sadly I wander, an exile from thee,
 And, firm as thy mountains, no injury fearing,
 May heaven defend its own Cúigle mo c̄hoiðe.

* Commonly written "Cushlamanachree."

THE SHAMROCK AND THE LILY.*

BY JOHN BANIM,

Author of "Tales of the O'Hara Family," &c.

AIR—F43 an bealacl.

SIR SHAMROCK, sitting drinking,
 At close of day, at close of day,
 Saw Orange Lily, thinking,
 Come by that way, come by that way ;
 With can in hand he hail'd him,
 And jovial din, and jovial din ;
 The Lily's drought ne'er fail'd him—
 So he stept in, so he stept in.

At first they talk'd together,
 Reserved and flat, reserved and flat,
 About the crops, the weather,
 And this and that, and this and that—
 But, as the glass moved quicker,
 To make amends, to make amends,
 They spoke—though somewhat thicker—
 Yet more like friends, yet more like friends.

* There is some good thought in these verses, but it is weakened by the diffuseness of the language in which it is expressed. The pernicious vice of the country, at the time when the song was written, is moreover treated with a levity calculated to do much mischief, and I have only retained it in this collection as a specimen of Banim's lighter style of writing.

" Why not call long before, man,
To try a glass, to try a glass?"
Quoth Lily—" people told me
You'd let me pass, you'd let me pass—
Nay, and they whisper'd too, man,
Death in the pot, death in the pot,
Slipt in for me by you, man—
Though I hope not, though I hope not."

" Oh foolish, foolish Lily !
Good drink to miss, good drink to miss,
For gossip all so silly,
And false as this, and false as this;
And 'tis the very way, man,
With such bald chat, with such bald chat,
You're losing, day by day, man,
Much more than that, much more than that.

" Here, in this land of mine, man,
Good friends with me, good friends with me,
A life almost divine, man,
Your life might be, your life might be;
But—jars for you ! till, in, man,
My smiling land, my smiling land,
You bilious grow, and thin, man,
As you can stand, as you can stand.

" Now, if 'tis no affront, man,
On you I call, on you I call,
To tell me what you want, man,
At-all-at-all, at-all-at-all ;—

Come, let us have, in season,
A word or two, a word or two ;
For there's neither rhyme nor reason
In your hubbubboo ! your hubbubboo !

" With you I'll give and take, man,
A foe to cares, a foe to cares,
Just asking, for God's sake, man,
To say my prayers, to say my prayers,
And, like an honest fellow,
To take my drop, to take my drop,
In reason, till I'm mellow,
And then to stop, and then to stop.

" And why should not things be so,
Between us both, between us both !
You're so afraid of me ? Pho !
All fudge and froth, all fudge and froth ;—
Or why, for little Willy,
So much ado, so much ado ?
What is he, silly Lily,
To me or you, to me or you ?

" Can he, for all you shout, man,
Back to us come, back to us come,
Our devils to cast out, man,
And strike them dumb, and strike them dumb ?
Or breezes mild make blow, man,
In summer-peace, in summer-peace,
Until the land o'erflow, man,
With God's increase, with God's increase !"

"What you do say, Sir Shamrock,"
The Lily cried, the Lily cried,
"I'll think of, my old game-cock,
And more beside, and more beside :—
One thing is certain, brother—
I'm free to say, I'm free to say,
We should be more together,
Just in this way, just in this way.

"Well—top your glass, Sir Lily,
Our parting one, our parting one—
A bumper and a *tilly*,*
To past and gone, to past and gone—
And to the future day, lad,
That yet may see, that yet may see,
Good humour and fair play, lad,
"Twixt you and me, 'twixt you and me!"

* A little more than good measure.

MY MARY OF THE CURLING HAIR.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

Author of "The Collegians," &c

AIR—“Sjúbajl a ȝn4ð.”

My Mary of the curling hair,
 The laughing teeth and bashful air,
 Our bridal morn is dawning fair,
 With blushes in the skies.

Sjúbajl, rjúbajl, rjúbajl a ȝn4ð,
 Sjúbajl go rocaij, aȝur rjúbajl a rúm! *
 My love! my pearl!
 My own dear girl!
 My mountain maid arise!

Wake, linnet of the osier grove!
 Wake, trembling, stainless, virgin dove!
 Wake, nestling of a parent's love!
 Let Moran see thine eyes.
 Sjúbajl, rjúbajl, &c.

* Commonly written—

Shule! shule! shule! agra,
 Shule go sucur agus shule aroon!

which is literally translated:—

Come! come! come, my darling—
 Come, softly, and come, my love!

I am no stranger, proud and gay,
 To win thee from thy home away,
 And find thee, for a distant day,

A theme for wasting sighs.

Sjúbajl, rjúbajl, &c.

But we were known from infancy,
 Thy father's hearth was home to me.
 No selfish love was mine for thee;

Unholy and unwise.

Sjúbajl, rjúbajl, &c.

And yet, (to see what love can do !)
 Though calm my hope has burned, and true,
 My cheek is pale and worn for you,

And sunken are mine eyes !

Sjúbajl, rjúbajl, &c.

But soon my love shall be my bride,
 And happy by our own fire-side,
 My veins shall feel the rosy tide,

That lingering Hope denies.

Sjúbajl, rjúbajl, &c.

My Mary of the curling hair,
 The laughing teeth and bashful air,
 Our bridal morn is dawning fair,

With blushes in the skies.

Sjúbajl, rjúbajl, rjúbajl aʒʃrað,
 Sjúbajl zo rocajrl, aʒʃur rjúbajl aʃʃwη !
 My love ! my pearl !
 My own dear girl !
 My mountain maid, arise !

THE NIGHT WAS STILL.

BY J. J. CALLANAN.

AIR—“Kitty Scott.”

THE night was still, the air was balm,
 Soft dews around were weeping ;
 No whisper rose o'er ocean's calm,
 Its waves in light were sleeping ;
 With Mary on the beach I strayed,
 The stars beam'd joy above me ;
 I prest her hand, and said, “swee
 Oh ! tell me do you love me ?”

With modest air she drooped her head,
 Her cheek of beauty veiling ;
 Her bosom heav'd—no word she said ;
 I mark'd her strife of feeling ;
 “ Oh speak my doom, dear maid,” I cried,
 “ By yon bright heaven above thee ; ”
 She gently raised her eyes, and sighed,
 “ Too well you know I love thee.”

THE POOR MAN'S LABOUR'S NEVER DONE.*

I MARRIED a wife for to sit by me, which makes me
sorely to repent:

Matches, they say, are made in heaven, but mine was for
a penance sent.

I soon became a servant to her, to milk her cows and
black her shoes,

For woman's ways, they must have pleasure, and the
poor man's labour's never done.

The very first year that we were married, she gave to
me a pretty babe;

She sat me down to rock its cradle, and give it cordial
when it waked;

If it cried, she would bitterly scold me, and if it bawled
I should run away,

For woman's ways, they must have pleasure, and the
poor man's labour's never done.

So all ye young men that are inclined to marry, be sure
and marry a loving wife,

And do not marry my wife's sister, or she will plague
you all your life;

Do not marry her mother's daughter, or she will grieve
your heart full sore,

Take from me my wife, and welcome—and then my care
and trouble is o'er.

* Curran's words to this air have been published by my friend, Mr. Duffy, in his collection of the "Ballads of Ireland." The old version is that here given.

MARY MO CROJDE.

The flower of the valley was Mary mo crojde ;
 Her smiles, all bewitching, were lovely to see ;
 The bees round her humming, when summer was gone,
 When the roses were fled, might her lips take for one ;
 Her laugh it was music, her breath it was balm,
 Her heart, like the lake, was as pure and as calm,
 Till Love o'er it came, like a breeze e'er the sea,
 And made the heart heave of sweet Mary mo crojde.

She loved—and she wept; for was gladness e'er known
 To dwell in the bosom that Love makes his own ?
 His joys are but moments, his griefs are for years ;
 He comes all in smiles, but he leaves all in tears !
 Her lover was gone to a far distant land,
 And Mary, in sadness, would pace the lone strand,
 And tearfully gaze on the dark rolling sea,
 That parted her soldier from Mary mo crojde.

Oh, pale grew her cheek, when there came from afar,
 The tales of the battle, and tidings of war ;
 Her eyes filled with tears, when the clouds gather'd dark,
 For fancy would picture some tempest-tost bark ;
 But when winter came on, and the deep woods were
 bare,
 In the hall was a voice, and a foot on the stair.
 Oh ! joy to the maiden, for o'er the blue sea,
 The soldier returned to his Mary mo crojde.

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid :
Sad, silent and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head !

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps,
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

THE TIE IS BROKE, MY IRISH GIRL.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

Author of "The Collegians," &c.

The tie is broke, my Irish girl,
That bound thee here to me,
My heart has lost its single pearl,
And thine at last is free—
Dead as the earth that wraps thy clay,
Dead as the stone above thee—
Cold as this heart that breaks to say
It never more can love thee.

I press thee to my aching breast—
No blush comes o'er thy brow—
Those gentle arms that once caress'd
Fall round me deadly now—
The smiles of Love no longer part
Those dead blue lips of thine—
I lay my hand upon thy heart,
'Tis cold at last to mine.

Were we beneath our native heaven,
Within our native land—
A fairer grave to thee were given
Than this wild bed of sand—
But thou wert single in thy faith
And single in thy worth,
And thou should'st die a lonely death,
And lie in lonely earth.

Then lay thee down and take thy rest,
My last—last look is given—
The earth is smooth above *thy* breast,
And mine is yet unripen!
No mass—no parting rosary—
My perished love can have—
But her husband's sighs embalm her corse,
A husband's tears her grave.

KITTY OF COLERAINE.

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping
With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher down
tumbled,
And all the sweet butter-milk water'd the plain.
Oh! what shall I do now? 'twas looking at you now;
Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again,
'Twas the pride of my dairy, O, Barney M'Cleary,
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine!

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
That such a misfortune should give her such pain;
A kiss then I gave her, and ere I did leave her,
She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.
'Twas hay-making season, I can't tell the reason,
Misfortunes will never come single, 'tis plain;
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster,
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE.

At sixteen years old you could get little good of me ;
Then I saw Norah—who soon understood of me,
I was in love—but myself, for the blood of me,
 Could not tell what I did ail !

'Twas, dear, dear ! what can the matter be ?
Och ! blood an ouns ! what can the matter be ?
Och ! *Siád mo chiochté*, what can the matter be ?
 Bothered from head to the tail !

I went to confess me to Father O'Flanagan ;
Told him my case—made an end—then began again ;
Father, says I, make me soon my own man again,
 If you can find out what I ail.

Dear, dear, says he, what can the matter be ?
Och, blood an ouns ! can you tell what, &c.
 Bother'd from head to the tail.

Soon I fell sick—I did bellow and curse again ;
Norah took pity to see me at nurse again ;
Gave me a kiss ; och, zounds ! that threw me worse
again :

 Well she knew what I did ail.
But, dear, dear ! says she, &c.

"Tis long ago now since I left Tipperary—
How strange, growing older, our natures should vary !
All symptoms are gone of my ancient quandary,
I cannot tell now what I ail.
Dear, dear ! says she, &c.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

A BABY was sleeping, its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea,
And the tempest was swelling, round the fisherman's
dwelling—
And she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh ! come back to
me."

Her beads while she numbered, the baby still slum-
bered,
And smiled in her face, as she bended her knee ;
Oh ! bless'd be that warning, my child, thy sleep
adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with
thee.

"And while they are keeping bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
 Oh! pray to them softly, my baby, with me—
 And say thou wouldest rather, they'd watch o'er thy father,
 For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

The dawn of the morning saw Dermot returning,
 And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,
 And closely caressing her child, with a blessing,
 Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

THE WELCOME.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

AIR—*Uy Buacailjy bujde.*

Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
 Come when you're looked for, or come without waraing,
 Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
 And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you.
 Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
 Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted ;
 The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
 And the linnets are singing, "true lovers! don't sever!"

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose them ;
Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my bosom.
I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you ;
I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.

Oh ! your step's like the rain to the summer-wax'd
farmer,
Or sabre and shield to a knight without armour ;
I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me.
Then, wandering, I'll wish you, in silence, to love
me.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff, and the eyrie,
We'll tread round the rath on the track of the fairy,
We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,
Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her.

Oh ! she'll whisper you, "Love as unchangeably
beaming,
And trust, when in secret, most tunefully streaming,
Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,
As our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

So come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you !

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted ;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "true lovers ! don't
sever!"

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

SHE is far from the land, where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing ;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying !

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he lov'd awaking—
Ah ! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking !

He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwin'd him—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh ! make her a grave, where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow ;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
From her own lov'd Island of sorrow !

THE PARLEY.

BY JOHN BANIM.

Ours is no quarrel that will not be ended—
Ours are not hearts to hate on to the last—
The foe still devoted, the foe still intended,
To him, and him only, our challenge we cast—
And him—even him—let him now but awake
To the love he should own for our desolate land,
And his hand we will take,
And his hand we will shake,
Though the blood of her children be fresh on that hand !

And oh! toiling sleeper, when, when wilt thou break up
The fierce haggard dream of thy feverish heart,
And from its delusions of tumult awake up
To know what a dupe and a raver thou art!
Wake, wake, in the fair names of manhood and mind!
Of wisdom, of charity, mercy and truth!
By the love thou dost find
On thy soul to its kind!
By its nature! its yearnings eternal for truth!

In the dear name of country we cannot adjure thee—
 Thou lone one ! no country at present thou hast—
 But, up at our bidding ! and we will ensure thee
 A country, and lover of country, at last !
 Ay ! in lieu of the rage-thirst thou'rt panting to slake,
 Up, up, in the name of this desecrate land,
 And your hand we will take,
 And your hand we will shake,
 Though the blood of her children be fresh on that hand

**IF I HAD THOUGHT THOU COULD'ST HAVE
DIED.**

BY THE REV. CHARLES WOLFE.

AIR—“*Tá tú mo chroíde.*”

If I had thought thou could'st have died,
 I might not weep for thee ;
 But I forgot, when by thy side,
 That thou could'st mortal be ;
 It never through my mind had past
 The time would e'er be o'er,
 And I on thee should look my last,
 And thou should'st smile no more.

 And still upon that face I look,
 And think 'twill smile again,
 And still the thought I will not brook
 That I must look in vain.

But, when I speak, thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid,
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary ! thou art dead.

If thou wouldst stay e'en as thou art,
All cold, and all serene,
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been !
While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own,
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone !

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me ;
And I, perhaps, may sooth this heart
In thinking too of thee ;
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore.

THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

BY R. A. MILLIKEN.

[This song has long since attained such a celebrity that its omission from the present volume would be unpardonable. It was written as a burlesque upon some verses composed by an itinerant poet, in praise of Castle Hyde, the beautiful seat of the Hyde family, on the river Blackwater, which from their ludicrous character had acquired considerable popularity, and which Mr. Milliken undertook at some convivial party to rival if not surpass in absurdity. Mr. Milliken was a native of Cork, and is conjectured by Mr. Croker to have written "The Groves of Blarney," in the year 1798, or 1799. He was the author of a long poem in blank verse entitled "The River Side," and of some rather graceful lyrics; but the humorous production here given, alone seems to have attained popularity. Mr. Croker in his "Popular Songs of Ireland," p. 143, inserts some serious lines found amongst Mr. Milliken's papers after his death, and apparently indicative of regret for having with a too profane levity sported with the beautiful scenery which surrounds the ruined castle of the Mac Caurs.

This version of the "Groves" is taken from Mr. Croker's volume, as he has printed it from a copy in the author's manuscript.]

THE groves of Blarney
They look so charming,
Down by the purling
Of sweet silent streams,
Being banked with posies
That spontaneous grow there,
Planted in order
By the sweet rock close.
'Tis there's the daisy
And the sweet carnation,
The blooming pink,

And the rose so fair ;
The daffodowndilly—
Likewise the lily,
All flowers that scent
The sweet fragrant air.

"Tis Lady Jeffers
That owns this station ;
Like Alexander,
Or Queen Helen fair ;
There's no commander
In all the nation,
For emulation,
Can with her compare.
Such walls surround her,
That no nine-pounder
Could dare to plunder
Her place of strength ;
But Oliver Cromwell,
Her he did pommell,
And made a breach
In her battlement.

There 's gravel walks there,
For speculation,
And conversation
In sweet solitude.
"Tis there the lover
May hear the dove, or
The gentle plover
In the afternoon ;

And if a lady
Would be so engaging
As to walk alone in
Those shady bowers,
'Tis there the courtier
He may transport her,
Into some fort, or
All under ground.

For 'tis there 's a cave where
No daylight enters,
But cats and badgers
Are for ever bred;
Being mossed by nature,
That makes it sweeter
Than a coach-and-six,
Or a feather bed.
'Tis there the lake is,
Well stored with perches,
And comely eels in
The verdant mud;
Besides the leeches,
And groves of beeches,
Standing in order
For to guard the flood.

There 's statues gracing
This noble place in—
All heathen gods
And nymphs so fair;

Bold Neptune, Plutarch,
And Nicodemus,
All standing naked
In the open air !*
So now to finish
This brave narration,
Which my poor geni
Coald not entwine ;
But were I Homer,
Or Nebuchadnezzar,
'Tis in every feature
I would make it shine.

* The original song terminates thus. In the "Reliques of Father Prout," however, there is an addition by their reverend and facetious author, which as it commemorates very happily that most remarkable of phenomena "The Blarney Stone"—the virtues of which are beyond dispute—I think myself bound to subjoin. His version of the song, which he has in many parts altered from the original, concludes thus:

There is a boat on
The lake to float on,
And lots of beauties
Which I can't entwine ;
But were I a preacher,
Or a classic teacher,
In every feature
I'd make 'em shine !

There is a stone there,
That whoever kisses,
Oh ! he never misses
To grow eloquent ;
'Tis he may clamber
To a lady's chamber,
Or become a member
Of parliament :
A clever spouter
He'll soon turn out, or
An out-and-outer,
“ To be let alone.”
Don't hope to hinder him,
Or to bewilder him,
Sure he's a pilgrim
From the Blarney stone !

[It should be added that in the venerable father's collection the reader will find a valuable "Polyglott Edition" of this famous lyric]

A PROSPECT.

BY EDWARD LYSAGHT.

[Edward Lysaght generally known as "pleasant Ned Lysaght," was the son of John Lysaght of Brickhill, Co. of Clare. He was born on the 21st December, 1763, entered Trinity College in 1799, which he passed through with much credit, and was subsequently called to the bar. To use Sir Jonah Barrington's words, he, however, "considered law as his trade, and conviviality his profession." Though he has written some capital national songs, he does not seem to have possessed any very fixed political principles. Towards the close of his life he obtained a government place, and some of his best and most popular writings have in consequence been omitted from the published collection.]

How justly alarmed is each Dublin cit,
 That he'll soon be transformed to a clown, sir !
 By a magical move of that conjurer, Pitt,
 The country is coming to town, sir !
 Give Pitt, and Dundas, and Jenky a glass,
 Who'd ride on John Bull, and make Paddy an Ass.

Thro' Capel-street soon as you'll rurally range,
 You'll scarce recognize it the same street ;
 Choice turnips shall grow in your Royal Exchange,
 Fine cabbages down along Dame-street.
 Give Pitt, &c.

Wild oats in the college won't want to be till'd ;
 And hemp in the Four-Courts may thrive, sir !
 Your markets again shall with muttons be fill'd—
 By St. Patrick, they'll graze there alive, sir !
 Give Pitt, &c.

In the Parliament House, quite alive, shall there be
All the vermin the island e'er gathers ;
Full of rooks, as before, Daly's club-house you'll see,
But the pigeons won't have any feathers.

Give Pitt, &c.

Our Custom House quay, full of weeds, oh, rare sport
But the ministers' minions, kind elves, sir !
Will give us free leave all our goods to export,
When we've got none at home for ourselves, sir !

Give Pitt, &c.

Says an alderman—“ Corn will grow in your shops ;
This Union must work our enslavement.”
“ That's true,” says the sheriff, “ for plenty of crops*
Already I've seen on the pavement.”
Ye brave loyal yeomen, dressed gaily in red,
This minister's plan must elate us ;
And well may John Bull, when he's robb'd us of bread,
Call poor Ireland “ *The land of Potatoes.*”

* A proverbial term for the rebels, in 1798, who wore their hair close cut.

THE ATHLONE LANDLADY.

'TWAS in the sweet town of Athlone
 Liv'd the beautiful Widow Malone,
 She kept the Black Boy,
 Was an armful of joy,
 And had plenty of lovers, och hone, och hone,
 O the world for you, Widow Malone.

There was Bolus the medical drone,
 And Latitat all skin and bone,
 But physic and law
 Both stuck in her craw,
 And she couldn't digest them, och hone, och hone ;
 O success to sweet Mistress Malone.

But Cupid, who's the devil's own,
 Sent a lad who soon altered her tone.

'Twas brave Serjeant Mac Whack,
 With long sword and broad back,
 And his roguish black eyes at her thrown, och hone,
 O they bother'd poor Widow Malone.

The love-sick sweet Mistress Malone,
 So fond of the soldier was grown.

That in secret she'd sigh,
 " For the Serjeant I die,
 Oh ! I'm tir'd of lying alone, och hone,"
 More of that to you Mistress Malone.

Still the Lawyer and Doctor will groan,
And each tease the poor Widow, och hone !

Till one day Pat Mac Whack

Kick'd them out in a crack,

And a smack gave sweet Katty Malone, och hone,
" O you've won me," cried Widow Malone.

Soon they wedded and bedded, och hone,
While with fun sure the stocking was thrown,

And he's man of the house,

And his beautiful spouse

Is sweet Mistress Mac Whack, late Malone, Malone ;
So more luck to Mac Whack and Malone.

KATE KEARNEY.

BY LADY MORGAN.

Oh ! did you ne'er hear of Kate Kearney ?

She lives on the banks of Killarney :

From the glance of her eye,

Shun danger, and fly,

For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney.

For that eye is so modestly beaming,

You ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming :

Yet, oh ! I can tell

How fatal the spell

That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

Oh ! should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,
Who lives on the banks of Killarney,
 Beware of her smile,
 For many a wile
Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.

Though she looks so bewitchingly simple,
Yet there's mischief in every dimple ;
 And who dares inhale
 Her sigh's spicy gale
Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

NATIVE SWORDS.

A VOLUNTEER SONG.—1ST JULY, 1792.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

We've bent too long to braggart wrong,
 While force our prayers derided ;
We've fought too long, ourselves among,
 By knaves and priests divided ;
United now, no more we'll bow,
 Foul faction, we discard it ;
And now, thank God ! our native sod
 Has Native Swords to guard it.

Like rivers, which, o'er valleys rich,
Bring ruin in their water,
On native land, a native hand
Flung foreign fraud and slaughter.
From Dermot's crime to Tudor's time
Our clans were our perdition ;
Religion's name, since then, became
Our pretext for division.

But, worse than all, with Lim'rick's fall
Our valour seem'd to perish ;
Or, o'er the main, in France and Spain,
For bootless vengeance flourish.
The peasant, here, grew pale for fear
He'd suffer for our glory,
While France sang joy for Fontenoy,
And Europe hymn'd our story.

But, now, no clan, nor factious plan,
The east and west can sunder—
Why Ulster e'er should Munster fear
Can only wake our wonder.
Religion's crost, when union's lost,
And "royal gifts" retard it ;
And now, thank God ! our native sod
Has Native Swords to guard it.

A NEW YEAR'S SONG.

BY D. F. M'CARTHY.

My countrymen, awake ! arise !
Our work begins anew,
Your mingled voices rend the skies,
Your hearts are firm and true,
You've bravely marched, and nobly met,
Our little green isle through ;
But, oh ! my friends, there's something yet
For Irishmen to do !

As long as Erin hears the clink
Of base ignoble chains—
As long as one detested link
Of foreign rule remains—
As long as of our rightful debt
One smallest fraction's due,
So long, my friends, there's something yet
For Irishmen to do !

Too long we've borne the servile yoke—
Too long the slavish chain—
Too long in feeble accents spoke,
And ever spoke in vain—
Our wealth has filled the spoiler's net,
And gorg'd the Saxon crew ;
But, oh ! my friends, we'll teach them yet
What Irishmen can do !

The olive branch is in our hands,
The white flag floats above ;
Peace—peace pervades our myriad bands,
And proud forgiving love !
But, oh ! let not our foes forget
We're *men*, as Christians, too,
Prepared to do for Ireland yet
What Irishmen should do !

There's not a man of all our land
Our country now can spare,
The strong man with his sinewy hand,
The weak man with his prayer !
No whining tone of mere regret,
Young Irish bards, for you ;
But let your songs teach Ireland yet
What Irishmen should do !

And wheresoe'er that duty lead,
There—there your post should be ;
The coward slave is never freed ;
The brave alone are free !
Oh ! Freedom, firmly fixed are set
Our longing eyes on you ;
And though we die for Ireland yet,
So Irishmen should do !

THE IRISH MAIDEN'S SONG.

BY JOHN BANIM.

AIR—Domhnall.

You know it, now—it is betray'd
 This moment, in mine eye—
 And in my young cheek's crimson shade,
 And in my whisper'd sigh—
 You know it, now—yet listen, now—
 Though ne'er was love more true,
 My plight and troth, and virgin vow,
 Still, still I keep from you,
 Ever—

Ever, until a proof you give
 How oft you've heard me say
 I would not even his empress live,
 Who idles life away,
 Without one effort for the land
 In which my fathers' graves
 Were hollow'd by a despot hand
 To darkly close on slaves—
 Never!

See ! round yourself the shackles hang,
Yet come you to love's bowers,
That only he may sooth their pang,
Or hide their links in flowers—
But try all things to snap them, first,
And should all fail, when tried,
The fated chain you cannot burst
My twining arms shall hide—

Ever !

WHERE IS THE SLAVE.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

WHERE is the slave, so lowly,
Condemn'd to chains unholy,
Who, could he burst
His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly ?
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
Would wait till time decay'd it,
When thus its wing
At once may spring
To the throne of him who made it ?
Farewell, Erin !—farewell all,
Who live to weep our fall.

Less dear the laurel growing
 Alive, untouch'd, and blowing,
 Than that, whose braid
 Is pluck'd to shade
 The brows, with victory glowing !
 We tread the land that bore us,
 Her green flag glitters o'er us,
 The friends we've tried
 Are by our side,
 And the foe we hate before us !
 Farewell, Erin !—farewell all,
 Who live to weep our fall !

FAREWELL! MY GENTLE HARP.

AIR—"Ta me tall, aorde, ar bacad."

FAREWELL! my gentle Harp, farewell ;
 Thy master's toils are nearly o'er ;
 These chords, that wont with joy to swell,
 Shall thrill no more.

My faithful Harp ! the wild, the gay
 And plaintive notes were all thy own ;
 Though now my trembling hands can play
 The sad alone .
 And these, alas ! must die away
 When I am gone.

And oh ! 'tis well that age and pain
 May find a home where Mercy dwells,
 For here the wounded heart in vain
 Its sorrow tells.
 No more my soul can o'er thee shed
 The light of song that once it knew ;
 The dreams of hope and joy have fled,
 That fancy drew.
 My faithful Harp ! when I am dead,
 Be silent too !

LAST NIGHT AS I SLEPT.

AIR—“ *Bí mé mo cotaládó a phéin.*”

LAST night as I slept all alone in my bed,
 The full moon was shining just over my head ;
 Such a knocking and thumping I heard at the door,
 That I jumped out of bed in a fright on the floor ;
 And what should I see, to my dread and surprise,
 But the Devil himself, when I opened my eyes !
 I was sure it was he, by the horns and the tail,
 His feet they were cloven, his beard like a flail.

A coat, like the parson's, hung down from his back,
 (Sure the Devil has always been painted in black ;

And since but for him they'd have little to do,
These parsons by right wear his livery too !)
But when I recovered my wits from the fright,
I bid him "in God's name" get out of my sight,
But there he stood staring, nor minded it more,
Than his tithe-hunting friend thought about it before.

Suspecting from this 'twas the parson himself,
Come to rob me of Tithe, (though detesting the pelf)—
To oust the intruder I seized on his coat,
But soon was set right by a puck from—the Goat;
By my mother's old petticoat sorely perplexed,
And entangled—no wonder the creature was vexed ;
Let alone that I called him "Your Rev'rence" I believe,
When I bid him "get out for a robber and thief."

To make such a mistake I confess was a shame,
Where the parson or Devil was neither to blame
But if people for kicking up rows are well known,
They are oftentimes charged when the fault's not their
own ;
So the only excuse I will offer you now,
Is a fact that occurred not long after the row,—
For the parson came down at the dawn of the day,
And all he could seize on he carried away.

PADDY THE PIPER.

WHEN I was a boy in my father's mud edifice,
Tender and bare as a pig in a sty,
Out at the door as I look'd with a steady phiz,
Who but Pat Murphy the piper came by !
Says Paddy, "but few play
This music ; can you, say ?"
Says I, "I can't tell, for I never did try."
He told me that he had a charm
To make the pipes prettily speak ;
So he squeez'd a bag under his arm,
And sweetly they set up a squeak.
With my fallalla laralla loo ;
Och hone how he handled the drone,
And then such sweet music he blew,
"Twould have melted the heart of a stone.

"Your pipe," says I, "Paddy, so neatly comes over
me,
Naked I'll wander wherever it blows ;
And if my father should try to recover me,
Sure it won't be by describing my clothes :
For the music I hear now,
Takes hold of my ear now,
And leads me all over the world by the nose."
So I follow'd the bag-pipe so sweet,
And sung as I leapt like a frog,

"Adieu to my family seat,
So pleasantly plac'd in a bog."
With my fallalla laralla loo, &c.

Full five years I follow'd him, nothing could sunder us,
Till he one morning had taken a sup,
And slipp'd from a bridge in a river right under us,
Souse to the bottom, just like a blind pup,
I roar'd and I bawl'd out,
And lustily call'd out,
"Oh Paddy, my friend ! don't you mean to come up ?"
He was dead as a nail in a door,
Poor Paddy was laid on the shelf;
So I took up his pipes on the shore,
And now I've set up for myself.
With my fallalla laralla loo :
To be sure I have not got the knack
To play fallalla laralla loo,
Ay, and boderoo dideroo whack.

THE MAN, WHO LED THE VAN OF IRISH VOLUNTEERS.

BY EDWARD LYSAGHT.

AIR—“*The British Grenadiers.*”

THE gen’rous sons of Erin, in manly virtue bold,
With hearts and hands preparing our country to up-
hold,
Tho’ cruel knaves and bigot slaves disturbed our isle
some years,
Now hail the man, who led the van of Irish Volun-
teers.

Just thirty years are ending, since first his glorious
aid,
Our sacred rights defending, struck shackles from our
trade ;
To serve us still, with might and skill, the vet’ran now
appears,
That gallant man, who led the van of Irish Volun-
teers.

He sows no vile dissensions ; good will to all he bears :
He knows no vain pretensions, no paltry fears or cares ;
To Erin’s and to Britain’s sons his worth his name en-
dears ;
They love the man, who led the van of Irish Volun-
teers.

Oppos'd by hirelings sordid, he broke oppression's
chain ;
On statute-books recorded his patriot acts remain ;
The equipoize his mind employs of Commons, King and
Peers,
The upright man, who led the van of Irish Volun-
teers.

A British constitution, (to Erin ever true,)
In spite of state pollution, he gained in "*Eighty-two*;"
"*He watch'd it in its cradle, and bedew'd its hearse with
tears,*"*
This gallant man, who led the van of Irish Volun-
teers.

While other nations tremble, by proud oppressors
gall'd,
On hustings we'll assemble, by Erin's welfare call'd ;
Our Grattan, there we'll meet him, and greet him with
three cheers ;
The gallant man, who led the van of Irish Volun-
teers.

* Mr. Grattan's feeling and impressive words were these : "I watched
by the cradle of Irish Independence, and I followed its hearse."

THE 20j ña mealá* NOW IS PAST.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

AIR—"A m̄huijre 'r t̄muaz."†

The m̄j ña mealá now is past,
 A m̄huijre 'r t̄muaz! A m̄huijre 'r t̄muaz!
 And I must leave my home at last,
 A m̄huijre 'r t̄muaz! A m̄huijre 'r t̄muaz!
 I look into my father's eyes,
 I hear my mother's parting sighs—
 Ah! fool to pine for other ties—
 A m̄huijre 'r t̄muaz! A m̄huijre 'r t̄muaz!

This evening they must sit alone,
 A m̄huijre 'r t̄muaz! A m̄huijre 'r t̄muaz!
 They'll talk of me when I am gone,
 A m̄huijre 'r t̄muaz! A m̄huijre 'r t̄muaz!
 Who now will cheer my weary sire,
 When toil and care his heart shall tire;
 My chair is empty by the fire;
 A m̄huijre 'r t̄muaz! A m̄huijre 'r t̄muaz!

• Honeymoon.

† Vulg. "M̄huijre," "Oh! Mary who art merciful!"

How sunny looks my pleasant home,
Ա տիսյու ՚ր շրագ ! Ա տիսյու ՚ր շրագ !
 Those flowers for me shall never bloom—
Ա տիսյու ՚ր շրագ ! Ա տիսյու ՚ր շրագ !
 I seek new friends, and I am told
 That they are rich in lands and gold ;
 Ah ! will they love me like the old ?
Ա տիսյու ՚ր շրագ ! Ա տիսյու ՚ր շրագ !

Farewell dear friends, we meet no more—
Ա տիսյու ՚ր շրագ ! Ա տիսյու ՚ր շրագ !
 My husband's horse is at the door ;
Ա տիսյու ՚ր շրագ ! Ա տիսյու ՚ր շրագ !
 Ah, love ! ah, love ! be kind to me ;
 For by this breaking heart you see,
 How dearly I have purchased thee !
Ա տիսյու ՚ր շրագ ! Ա տիսյու ՚ր շրագ !

Inn-r Eósgair.*

BY CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

God bless the grey mountains of dark Dúñ-η-a-η-ȝall !†
 God bless Royal Aileac the pride of them all ;
 For she sits evermore, like a queen on her throne,
 And smiles on the valleys of Green Inn-r-Eoȝair.
 And fair are the valleys of Green Inn-r-Eoȝair,
 And hardy the fishers that call them their own—
 A race that nor traitor nor coward have known,
 Enjoy the fair valleys of Green Inn-r-Eoȝair.

* Commonly written Innishowen, and pronounced Innishone. It is a wild and picturesque district in the county Donegal, inhabited chiefly by the descendants of the Irish clans permitted to remain in Ulster after the plantation of James I. The native language, and the old songs and legends of the country, are as universal as the people. One of the most familiar of these legends is, that a troop of Hugh O'Neill's horse lies in magic sleep in a cave under the hill of Aileach, where the princes of the country were formerly installed. These bold troopers only wait to have the spell removed to rnah to the aid of their country; and a man (says the legend) who wandered accidentally into the cave, found them lying beside their horses, fully armed, and holding the bridles in their hands. One of them lifted his head, and asked, "Is the time come?" but receiving no answer—for the intruder was too much frightened to reply—dropped back into his lethargy. Some of the old folk consider the story an allegory, and interpret it as they desire.

† Vulgð Donegal, "the foot of the foreigners."

Oh! simple and bold are the bosoms they bear,
 Like the hills that with silence and nature they share ;
 For our God, who hath planted their home near His own,
 Breath'd his spirit abroad upon fair *Inniscarra*.

Then praise to our Father for wild *Inniscarra*,
 Where fiercely for ever the surges are thrown—
 Nor weather nor fortune a tempest hath blown
 Could shake the strong bosoms of brave *Inniscarra*.

See the bountiful *Cul-dagh** careering along—
 A type of their manhood so stately and strong—
 On the weary for ever its tide is bestown,
 So they share with the stranger in fair *Inniscarra*,
 God guard the kind homesteads of fair *Inniscarra*,
 Which manhood and virtue have chos'n for their own ;
 Not long shall the nation in slavery groan,
 That owns the tall peasants of fair *Inniscarra*.

Like the oak of St. Bride which nor Devil nor Dane,
 Nor Saxon nor Dutchman, could rend from her fane,
 They have clung by the creed and the cause of their own,
 Through the midnight of danger in true *Inniscarra*,
 Then shout for the glories of old *Inniscarra*,
 The stronghold that foeman has never o'erthrown—
 The soul and the spirit, the blood and the bone,
 That guard the green valleys of true *Inniscarra*.

* The Coulnah, or Culdaff, is a chief river in the Innishowen mountains.

Nor purer of old was the tongue of the Gael,
When the charging abú made the foreigner quail ;
Than it gladdens the stranger in welcome's soft tone,
In the home-loving cabins of kind Jñjir-Éođajn.

Oh ! flourish, ye homesteads of kind Jñjir-Éođajn,
Where seeds of a people's redemption are sown ;
Right soon shall the fruit of that sowing have grown,
To bless the kind homesteads of Green Jñjir-Éođajn.

When they tell us the tale of a spell-stricken band,
All entranced, with their bridles and broadswords in
hand,
Who await but the word to give Eilte her own,
They can read you that riddle in proud Jñjir-Éođajn.
Hurra for the Spámen of proud Jñjir-Éođajn !
Long live the wild Seërs of stout Jñjir-Éođajn !
May Mary, our mother, be deaf to their moan
Who love not the promise of proud Jñjir-Éođajn !

HE SAID THAT HE WAS NOT OUR BROTHER.

BY JOHN BANIM.

AIR—"Cailín dear cnuisce ná m-bó."

He said that he was not our brother—

The mongrel! he said what we knew—

No, Eejie! our dear Island-mother,

He ne'er had his black blood from you!

And what though the milk of your bosom

Gave vigour and health to his veins—

He was but a foul foreign blossom,

Blown hither to poison our plains!

He said that the sword had enslaved us—

That still at its point we must kneel—

The liar!—though often it braved us,

We cross'd it with harder steel!

This witness his Richard—our vassal!

His Essex—whose plumes we trod down!

His Willy—whose peerless sword-tassel

We tarnish'd at Limerick town!

No! falsehood and feud were our evils,

While force not a fetter could twine—

Come Northmen,—come Normans,—come Devils!

We gave them our *Sparth* to the chine!

And if once again he would try us,

To the music of trumpet and drum,

And no traitor among us or nigh us—

Let him come, the Brigand! let him come!

ANNIE DEAR.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

Our mountain brooks were rushing,
Annie, dear,
The Autumn eve was flushing,
Annie, dear ;
But brighter was your blushing,
When first, your murmurs hushing,
I told my love outgushing,
Annie, dear.

Ah ! but our hopes were splendid,
Annie, dear,
How sadly they have ended,
Annie, dear ;
The ring betwixt us broken,
When our vows of love were spoken,
Of your poor heart was a token,
Annie, dear.

The primrose flow'rs were shining,
Annie, dear,
When, on my breast reclining,
Annie, dear,

Began our *mí na meala*,*
And many a month did follow
Of joy—but life is hollow,
 Annie, dear.

For once, when home returning,
 Annie, dear,
I found our cottage burning,
 Annie, dear,
Around it were the yeomen,
Of every ill an omen,
The country's bitter foemen,
 Annie, dear.

But why arose a morrow,
 Annie, dear,
Upon that night of sorrow,
 Annie, dear,
Far better, by thee lying,
Their bayonets defying,
Than live an exile sighing,
 Annie, dear.

* Honeymoon.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head for shame?
He's all a knave, or half a slave,
Who slighted his country thus;
But a *true* man, like you, man,
Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,
The faithful and the few—
Some lie far off beyond the wave—
Some sleep in Ireland, too;
All—all are gone—but still lives on
The fame of those who died—
All true men, like you, men,
Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made;
But, though their clay be far away
Beyond the Atlantic foam—
In true men, like you, men,
Their spirit 's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth ;
Among their own they rest ;
And the same land that gave them birth
Has caught them to her breast ;
And we will pray that from their clay
Full many a race may start
Of true men, like you, men,
To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days
To right their native land ;
They kindled here a living blaze
That nothing shall withstand.
Alas ! that Might can vanquish Right—
They fell and pass'd away ;
But true men, like you, men,
Are plenty here to-day.

Then here's their memory—may it be
For us a guiding light,
To cheer our strife for liberty,
And teach us to unite.
Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
Though sad as theirs your fate ;
And true men be you, men,
Like those of Ninety-Eight.

A SOLDIER—A SOLDIER TO NIGHT IS OUR GUEST.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

FAN, fan the gay hearth and fling back the barr'd door,

Strew, strew the fresh rushes around on the floor,
And blithe be the welcome in every breast
For a soldier—a soldier to-night is our guest.

All honour to him who, when danger afar
Had lighted for ruin his ominous star,
Left pleasure and country and kindred behind,
And sped to the shock on the wings of the wind.

If you value the blessings that shine at our hearth—
The wife's smiling welcome, the infant's sweet mirth—

While they charm us at eve, let us think upon those
Who have bought with their blood our domestic repose.

Then share with the soldier your hearth and your home,

And warm be your greeting whene'er he shall come;
Let love light a welcome in every breast,
For a soldier—a soldier to-night is our guest.

REMEMBER THEE.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

RE**M**EM**E**B**R** thee ! yes, while there's life in this heart,
It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art ;
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
But, oh ! could I love thee more deeply than now ?

No ! thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons—
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast !

**AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG ON A SEDITIOUS
PAMPHLET.***

TUNE—“*Packington's Pound.*”

(WRITTEN IN 1720.)

BROCADES and damasks, and tabbies and gauzes
 Are by Robert Ballantine lately brought over,
 With forty things more: now hear what the law says,
 “Whoe'er will not wear them is not the king's lover.”
 Though a printer and Dean
 Seditiously mean

Our true Irish hearts from Old England to wean.
 We'll buy English silks for our wives and our daughters,
 In spite of his Deanship and journeyman Waters.

In England the dead in woollen are clad,†
 The Dean and his printer then let us cry “fie on ;”
 To be clothed like a carcass would make a league mad,
 Since a living dog better is than a dead lion,

* Dean Swift having written a pamphlet, advising the people of Ireland to wear their own manufactures only, and not to use those of England, a prosecution for sedition was instituted against Waters, (the printer of the work,) which was carried on with so much virulence, that Lord Chief Justice Whittahed kept the jury in over twelve hours and sent them eleven times out of court, till he had wearied them into a verdict of guilty. The song above given, cannot, with certainty be attributed to the Dean, but it is universally published among his works and was most probably written by him.

† A statute for the encouragement of the woollen manufacture made this compulsory.

Our wives they grow sullen
 At wearing of woollen,
 And all we poor shopkeepers must our horns pull in,
 Then we'll buy English silks for our wives and our
 daughters,
 In spite of his Deanship and journeyman Waters.
 Whoever our trading with England would hinder
 To inflame both the nations does plainly conspire,
 Because, Irish linen will soon turn to tinder,
 And wool it is greasy, and quickly takes fire.
 Therefore, I assure ye,
 Our noble grand jury,
 When they saw the Dean's book they were in a great
 fury ;
 They would buy English silks for their wives and
 their daughters,
 In spite of his Deanship and journeyman Waters.
 That wicked rogue Waters, who always is sinning
 And before *Coram Nobis** so oft has been called,
 Henceforward, shall print neither pamphlets nor linen,
 And, if swearing can do 't, shall be swingingly mauled ;
 And as for the Dean,
 You know whom I mean,
 If the printer will 'peach him he'll scarce come off clean,
 Then we'll buy English silks for our wives and our
 daughters,
 In Spite of his Deanship and journeyman Waters.

* *Coram Nobis*, i. e. before the Queen's Bench.

KATE OF GARNAVILLA.

BY EDWARD LYSAGHT.

HAVE you been at Garnavilla?

Have you seen at Garnavilla
Beauty's train trip o'er the plain
With lovely Kate of Garnavilla?
Oh! she's pure as virgin snows,
Ere they light on woodland hill-O;
Sweet as dew-drop on wild rose,
Is lovely Kate of Garnavilla!

Philomel, I've listen'd oft
To thy lay, nigh weeping willow;
Oh, the strain's more sweet, more soft,
That flows from Kate of Garnavilla.

Have you been, &c.

As a noble ship I've seen
Sailing o'er the swelling billow,
So I've marked the graceful mien
Of lovely Kate of Garnavilla.

Have you been, &c.

If poets' prayers can banish cares,
No cares shall come to Garnavilla;
Joy's bright rays shall gild her days,
And dove-like peace perch on her pillow;

Charming maid of Garnavilla !
 Lovely maid of Garnavilla !
 Beauty, grace, and virtue wait
 On lovely Kate of Garnavilla !

THERE WAS AN IRISH LAD.

THERE was an Irish lad
 Who lov'd a cloister'd nun,
 And it made him very sad,
 For what was to be done.
 He thought it was a big shame,
 A most confounded sin,
 That she could not get out at all,
 And he could not get in.

Yet he went every day, as he could do nothing more,
 Yet he went every day to the convent door ;
 And he sung sweetly,
 Jt m' aillilú*,
 Jt m' aillilú,
 And he sung sweetly,
 Trab mo chnoibe and Paddy whack.

* Vulgò, "Smallilu."

To catch a glimpse of her,
He play'd a thousand tricks,
The bolts he tried to stir,
And he gave the walls some kicks.
He stamp'd and rav'd, and sigh'd and pray'd,
And many times he swore,
The devil burn the iron bolts,
The devil take the door.
Yet he went ev'ry day, he made it a rule,
Yet he went ev'ry day, and look'd like a fool—
Tho' he sung sweetly, &c.

One morn she left her bed,
Because she could not sleep,
And to the window sped,
To take a little peep.
And what did she do then,
I'm sure you'll thing it right,
She bade the honest lad good day,
She bade the nuns good night.
Tenderly she listen'd to all he had to say,
Then jump'd into his arms, and so they ran away,
And they sung sweetly, &c.

UNION FOR EVER.

AIR—“*Logie of Bucan.*”

Ye sons of Hibernia assert your birth-right,
 For freedom, for union, for liberty fight.
 No longer in *Eipe* let bigotry reign,
 No longer let factions your union restrain.
 Oh, *Eipe* for ever, oh, *Eipe*’r the land
 Where freedom and union shall go hand in hand.

Oppress’d by disunion, the North first unites,
 In union fraternal the West now delights ;
 In the East, like the sun, its radiance you see,
 When the South shall unite, then *Eipe* is free.
 Oh, freedom for ever, oh, freedom for me,
 May we cease to exist when we cease to be free.

Oh, union how social, oh, union how rare,
 In which all religions may equally share,
 That unites in one cause the rich and the poor,
 Makes the fate of our tyrants decided and sure.
 Oh, union for ever, oh, union’s a rock,
 The force of our tyrants for ever shall mock.

Tho’ perjury doom’d thee, dear Orr, to the grave,
 Thy blood to our union more energy gave,
 For union’s a current, impede but its course,
 Far and wide it extends, irresistible its force ;
 Ye sons of Hibernia, then join hand in hand,
 To chase your oppressors from *Eipe*’r green land.

ADIEU TO INNISFAIL.

BY R. D. WILLIAMS.

AIR—“Aḥ Chlúinní Láḥ.”

ADIEU!—the snowy sail
 Swells her bosom to the gale,
 And our barque from Innisfail
 Bounds away.

While we gaze upon thy shore,
 That we never shall see more,
 And the blinding tears flow o'er,
 We pray.

No thújnigh be thou long
 In peace, the queen of song—
 In battle proud and strong
 As the sea!
 Be saints thine offspring still—
 True heroes guard each hill—
 And harps by ev'ry rill
 Sound free!

Tho', round her Indian bowers,
 The hand of nature showers
 The brightest-blooming flowers
 Of our sphere;

Yet not the richest rose
 In an *alien* clime that blows,
 Like the brier at home that grows,
 Is dear.

Tho' glowing breasts may be
 In soft vales beyond the sea,
 Yet ever *Táid mo chnojde*
 Shall I wail
 For the heart of love I leave,
 In the dreary hours of eve,
 On thy stormy shore to grieve,
Innisfail.

But mem'ry o'er the deep
 On her dewy wing shall sweep,
 When in midnight hours I weep
 O'er thy wrongs:
 And bring me, steep'd in tears,
 The dead flow'rs of other years,
 And waft unto my ears
 Home's songs.

When I slumber in the gloom
 Of a nameless foreign tomb,
 By a distant ocean's boom,
Innisfail!

Around thy em'rald shore
 May the clasping sea adore,
 And each wave in thunder roar,
 "All hail!"

And when the final sigh
 Shall bear my soul on high,
 And on chainless wing I fly
 Thro' the blue,
 Earth's latest thought shall be,
 As I soar above the sea—
 “Green Erin, dear, to thee—
 Adieu!”

Ejbhljñ, a Rújn.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

When like the early rose,
 Ejbljñ, a rújn!
 Beauty in childhood blows,
 Ejbljñ, a rújn!
 When like a diadem,
 Buds blush around the stem,
 Which is the fairest gem?
 Ejbljñ, a rújn!

Is it the laughing eye,
 Ejbljñ, a rújn!
 Is it the timid sigh,
 Ejbljñ, a rújn!

Is it the tender tone,
Soft as the stringed harp's moan?
Oh, it is truth alone.

Ejblj, a júj!

When like the rising day,
Ejblj, a júj!
Love sends his early ray,
Ejblj, a júj!
What makes his dawning glow
Changeless through joy or woe?
Only the constant know—
Ejblj, a júj!

I know a valley fair,
Ejblj, a júj!
I knew a cottage there,
Ejblj, a júj!
Far in that valley's shade,
I knew a gentle maid,
Flower of a hazel glade,
Ejblj, a júj!

Who in the song so sweet,
Ejblj, a júj!
Who in the dance so fleet,
Ejblj, a júj!

Dear were her charms to me,
Dearer her laughter free,
Dearest her constancy,
Ejbljη, a riujη!

Were she no longer true,
Ejbljη, a riujη!
What should her lover do?
Ejbljη, a riujη!
Fly with his broken chain
Far o'er the sounding main,
Never to love again,
Ejbljη, a riujη!

Youth must with time decay,
Ejbljη, a riujη!
Beauty must fade away,
Ejbljη, a riujη!
Castles are sacked in war,
Chieftains are scattered far,
Truth is a fixèd star,
Ejbljη, a riujη!

FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

FORGET not the field where they perish'd,
The truest, the last of the brave,
All gone—and the bright hope we cherish'd
Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave!

Oh! could we from death but recover
Those hearts as they bounded before,
In the face of high heav'n to fight over
That combat for freedom once more;—

Could the chain for an instant be riven
Which Tyranny flung round us then,
Oh! 'tis not in Man nor in Heaven,
To let Tyranny bind it again!

But 'tis past—and, tho' blazon'd in story
The name of our Victor may be,
Accurst is the march of that glory,
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illum'd by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all, who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame!

ORANGE AND GREEN WILL CARRY THE DAY.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

IRELAND ! rejoice, and England ! deplore—

Faction and feud are passing away.

"Twas a low voice, but 'tis a loud roar,

" Orange and Green will carry the day."

Orange ! Orange !

Green and Orange !

Pitted together in many a fray—

Lions in fight !

And link'd in their might,

Orange and Green will carry the day.

Orange ! Orange !

Green and Orange !

Wave them together o'er mountain and bay.

Orange and Green !

Our King and our Queen !

" Orange and Green will carry the day !"

Rusty the swords our fathers unsheathe'd—

William and James are turn'd to clay—

Long did we till the wrath they bequeath'd ;

Red was the crop, and bitter the pay !

Freedom fled us !
Knaves misled us !
Under the feet of the foemen we lay—
Riches and strength
We'll win them at length,
For Orange and Green will carry the day !
Landlords fool'd us ;
England ruled us,
Hounding our passions to make us their prey ;
But, in their spite,
The Irish "Unite,"
And Orange and Green will carry the day !

Fruitful our soil where honest men starve ;
Empty the mart, and shipless the bay ;
Out of our want the Oligarchs carve ;
Foreigners fatten on our decay !
Disunited,
Therefore blighted,
Ruined and rent by the Englishman's sway ;
Party and creed
For once have agreed—
Orange and Green will carry the day !
Boyne's old water,
Red with slaughter !
Now is as pure as an infant at play ;
So, in our souls,
Its history rolls,
And Orange and Green will carry the day !

English deceit can rule us no more,
Bigots and knaves are scattered like spray—
Deep was the oath the Orangeman swore,
“Orange and Green must carry the day!”
Orange! Orange!
Bless the Orange!
Tories and Whigs grew pale with dismay,
When, from the North,
Burst the cry forth,
“Orange and Green will carry the day;”
No surrender!
No Pretender!
Never to falter and never betray—
With an Amen,
We swear it again,
Orange and Green shall carry the day!

ONCE I HAD A TRUE LOVE.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

Once I had a true love,
 I loved him well—I loved him well,
 But since he's found a new love,
 Alone I dwell, alone I dwell.
 How oft we've wandered lonely,
 Through yon old glen, through yon old glen,
 I was his treasure only,
 And true love then, and true love then,
 But Mary's singing brought me,
 To sigh all day, to sigh all day,
 Oh, had my mother taught me
 To sing and play, to sing and play.
 Once I had, &c.

By lone *Teann-chnoicé* at even,
 I passed him late, I passed him late;
 A glance just sidelong given,
 Told all his fate, told all his fate;
 His step no longer airy,
 His head it hung, his head it hung,
 Ah, well I knew that Mary
 She had a tongue, she had a tongue.
 Once I had, &c.

The spring is coming early,
 And skies are blue, and skies are blue,
 And trees are budding fairly,
 And corn is new, and corn is new ;
 What clouds the sunny morrow
 Of nature then, of nature then ?
 And turns young hope to sorrow ?
 Oh fickle men ! Oh fickle men !
 Once I had a true love,
 I loved him well—I loved him well,
 But since he's found a new love,
 Alone I dwell, alone I dwell.

THE LOST PATH.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

AIR—Sílád mo chroíde.

SWEET thoughts, bright dreams, my comfort be,
 All comfort else has flown ;
 For every hope was false to me,
 And here I am alone.
 What thoughts were mine in early youth !
 Like some old Irish song,
 Brimful of love, and life, and truth,
 My spirit gush'd along.

I hoped to right my native isle,
I hoped a soldier's fame,
I hoped to rest in woman's smile,
And win a minstrel's name—
Oh ! little have I served my land,
No laurels press my brow,
I have no woman's heart or hand,
Nor minstrel honors now.

But fancy has a magic power,
It brings me wreath and crown,
And woman's love, the self-same hour
It smites oppression down.
Sweet thoughts, bright dreams, my comfort be,
I have no joy beside ;
Oh ! throng around, and be to me
Power, country, fame, and bride.

THE FEAST OF O'RORKE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

BY DEAN SWIFT, A. D. 1720.

[Sir Walter Scott in his edition of Swift's works, vol. 14, p. 141, thus introduces the "Feast of O'Rorke":—

"O'Rorke, a powerful chieftain of Ulster in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was induced to make a visit to the court of that sovereign; and, in order to take leave of his neighbours with becoming splendour, he assembled them in the great hall of his castle, which was situated in the county of Leitrim, and still exists as a ruin. He entertained his numerous guests with such a profusion of the rude hospitality of the period, that the memory of his feast long survived in tradition; the longer perhaps on account of the tragical fate of O'Rorke himself, who was put to death in England. Hugh Mac-Guaran, Esq. of Leitrim, a cotemporary of the celebrated Carolan, composed, upon this traditional foundation, the celebrated song of *Plearaca na Ruarcach*. The fame of the ditty having reached Dean Swift, he was supplied, at his own request, with a literal version, from which he executed the following very spirited translation. It was afterwards translated by Mr. Charles Wilson, who published Irish poems in 1782, from whose scarce and forgotten, though very curious collection, I have transferred the original Irish words, for the benefit of the curious in Hibernian antiquities."]

O'RORKE's noble fare
 Will ne'er be forgot,
 By those who were there,
 Or those who were not.

His revels to keep,
 We sup and we dine
 On seven score sheep,
 Fat bullocks and swine.

Usquebaugh to our feast,
 In pails is brought up
 An hundred at least,
 And a mether our cup.

"Tis there is the sport !
 We rise with the light,
 In disorderly sort
 From snoring all night.

Oh ! how I was tricked !
 My pipe it was broke,
 My pocket was picked,
 I lost my new cloak.

"I'm robbed," exclaimed Nell,
 "Of mantle and kercher ;
 Why then fare them well,
 The deil take the searcher.

"Come, harper, strike up :
 But first, by your favour,
 Boy, give us a cup,
 Ah ! this has some flavour."

O'Rorke's jolly boys,
 Ne'er dreamed of the matter,
 Till roused by the noise,
 And musical clatter.

They bounce from their nest,
 No longer will tarry,
 They rise ready drest,
 Without one 'Hail Mary.'

They dance in a round
 Cutting capers and romping :
 'Tis a mercy the ground
 Didn't burst with their stamping !

The floor is all wet,
 Their leaps and their jumps,
 Make the water and sweat,
 Splish splash in their pumps.

Bless you late and early,
 Laughing O'Henigan,
 By my hand you dance rarely,
 Margery Grinigan.

Bring straw for our bed,
 Shake it down to our feet ;
 Then over it spread
 The winnowing sheet.

To shew I don't flinch,
 Fill the bowl up again,
 Then give us a pinch
 Of your sneezing *a bhan*.

Good lord ! what a sight—
After all their good cheer,
For people to fight
In the midst of their beer !

They rise from their feast,
So hot are their brains—
A cubit at least
The length of their skians.

What stabs and what cuts,
What clattering of sticks !
What strokes on the guts,
What basting and kicks !

With cudgels of oak,
Well hardened in flame ;
A hundred heads broke—
A hundred legs lame.

" You churl, I'll maintain
My father built Lusk,
The castle of Slane,
And Carrick Drumrusk.

" The Earl of Kildare,
And Moynalta his brother
As great as they are,
I was nursed by their mother.

Ask that of old madam,
 She'll tell you who's who,
 As far up as Adam :
 She knows that 'tis true."*

THE WHITE COCKADE.

BY J. J. CALLANAN.

'Tá mo ghlád píle paoil bhrataghd túba.

[This is a translation of one of the Irish Jacobite songs.]

KING Charles he is King James's son,
 And from a royal line is sprung ;
 Then up with shout, and out with blade,
 And we'll raise once more the white cockade.
 O ! my dear, my fair-hair'd youth,
 Thou yet hast hearts of fire and truth ;
 Then up with shout, and out with blade—
 We'll raise once more the white cockade.

* The Dean has translated one verse more; but in language rather too coarse to make its insertion desirable.—ED

My young men's hearts are dark with woe ;
On my virgins' cheeks the grief-drops flow ;
The sun scarce lights the sorrowing day,
Since our rightful prince went far away ;
He's gone, the stranger holds his throne ;
The royal bird far off is flown :
But up with shout, and out with blade—
We'll stand or fall with the white cockade.

No more the cuckoo hails the spring,
The woods no more with the stanch-hounds ring ;
The song from the glen, so sweet before,
Is huah'd since Charles has left our shore.
The Prince is gone : but he soon will come,
With trumpet sound, and with beat of drum,
Then up with shout, and out with blade—
Huzza for the right and the white cockade.

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

DEAR Harp of my country ! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own Island Harp ! I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song !
The warm lay of love, and the light note of gladness,
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill ;
But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my Country ! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine ;
Go, sleep, with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone ;
I was *but* as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own.

HARK É^EIRE !* THE BLAST IS BLOWN.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

HARK É^EIRE, the blast is blown on the heath,
 That summons thy sons to conquest or death ;
 The lines are all set in fearful array,
 And thou must be saved or ruin'd to-day.
 Like the flood of the winter, resistless and grand,
 Forth rushed to the shock the strength of the land ;
 And hearty and free was the ready halloo
 That answered the call of **Brian Boro^uthe.**†

"Oh, trust not that form so aged and dear
 Amid the wild crash of target and spear,
 Bright star of the field and light of the hall,
 Our ruin is sure if **Brian** should fall."
 Like the waves of the West that burst on the rock,
 The hosts at the morning rushed to the shock,
 But ere his last beam was quench'd in the sea,
 The Raven was quell'd and **É^EIRE** was free.

Yet hush'd be the sound of trumpet and drum,
 And silent as death let victory come ;
 For he, at whose call the chieftains arose,
 All bleeding and cold was found at the close.
 And **É^EIRE** is sad, though burst is her chain ;
 And loud was the wail that rose o'er the plain,
 For victory cost more tears on that shore,
 Than ever defeat or ruin before.

* Commonly written Erin.

† Commonly "Brian Boru."

THE SPRIG OF SHILLELAH.

BY EDWARD LYSAGHT.

Oh ! love is the soul of a neat Irishman,
He loves all that is lovely, loves all that he can,
With his sprig of Shillelah and shamrock so green !
His heart is good-humoured, 'tis honest and sound,
No envy or malice is there to be found ;
He courts and he marries, he drinks and he fights ;
For love, all for love, for in that he delights,
With his sprig of Shillelah and shamrock so green !

Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook Fair ?
An Irishman, all in his glory, is there,
With his sprig of Shillelah and shamrock so green !
His clothes spick and span new, without e'er a speck,
A neat Barcelona tied round his neat neck ;
He goes to a tent, and he spends half-a-crown,
He meets with a friend, and for love knocks him down
With his sprig of Shillelah, and shamrock so green !

At evening returning, as homeward he goes,
His heart soft with whiskey, his head soft with blows
From a sprig of Shillelah, and shamrock so green !

He meets with his Sheelah, who, blushing a smile,
 Cries, "Get ye gone, Pat," yet consents all the while.
 To the priest soon they go; and nine months after that,
 A fine babe cries, "How d'ye do, father Pat,
 With your sprig of Shillelah and shamrock so green?"

Bless the country, say I, that gave Patrick his birth,
 Bless the land of the oak, and its neighbouring earth,
 Where grow the Shillelah and shamrock so green!
 May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed, and the Shan-
 non,
 Drub the French, who dare plant at our confines a
 cannon;
 United and happy, at Loyalty's shrine,
 May the Rose and the Thistle long flourish and twine
 Round the sprig of Shillelah and shamrock so green!

Sláir-en-gloinac.*

"Tis sweet, in midnight solitude,
 When the voice of man lies hush'd, subdued,
 To hear thy mountain-voice so rude
 Break silence, Sláir-en-gloinac!

* A mountain torrent, which finds its way into the Atlantic Ocean through Glengariff in the west of the county of Cork. The name, literally translated, signifies "the noisy green water."

I love to see thy foaming stream
 Dash'd sparkling in the bright moonbeam ;
 For then of happier days I dream,
 Spent near thee, *Sláir-en-gloinac !*

I see the holly and the yew
 Still shading thee, as then they grew ;
 But there's a form meets not my view,
 As once, near *Sláir-en-gloinac !*

Thou gaily, brightly, sparkl'st on,
 Wreathing thy dimples round each stone ;
 But the bright eye that on thee shone
 Lies quench'd, wild *Sláir-en-gloinac !*

Still rush thee on, thou brawling brook ;
 Though on broad rivers I may look
 In other lands, thy lonesome nook
 I'll think on, *Sláir-en-gloinac !*

When I am low, laid in the grave,
 Thou still wilt sparkle, dash and rave
 Seaward, 'till thou becom'st a wave
 Of ocean, *Sláir-en-gloinac !*

Thy course and mine alike have been
 Both restless, rocky, seldom green ;
 There rolls for me, beyond the scene,
 An ocean, *Sláir-en-gloinac !*

And when my span of life's gone by,
 Oh! if past spirits back can fly,
 I'll often ride the night-wind's sigh

That's breathed o'er 3lair-en-gloriac!

OH! THE MARRIAGE.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

Am—“The Swaggering Jig.”

Oh! the marriage, the marriage,
 With love and 2lo buacail for me,
 The ladies that ride in a carriage
 Might envy my marriage to me ;
 For Eoʒan* is straight as a tower,
 And tender and loving and true,
 He told me more love in an hour
 Than the Squires of the county could do.
 Then, Oh! the marriage, &c.

* Vulgo “Owen;” but that is, properly, a name among the Cynary (Welsh).

His hair is a show'r of soft gold,
His eye is as clear as the day,
His conscience and vote were unsold
When others were carried away—
His word is as good as an oath,
And freely 'twas given to me—
Oh ! sure 'twill be happy for both
The day of our marriage to see.
Then, Oh ! the marriage, &c.

His kinsmen are honest and kind,
The neighbours think much of his skill,
And ~~Eoʒan~~ the lad to my mind,
Though he owns neither castle nor mill.
But he has a tilloch of land,
A horse, and a stocking of coin,
A foot for the dance, and a hand
In the cause of his country to join.
Then, Oh ! the marriage, &c.

WAR SONG OF O'DRISCOL.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

From the shieling that stands by the lone mountain river,

Hurry, hurry down, with the axe and the quiver ;
From the deep-seated Coom, from the storm-beaten highland,

Hurry, hurry down to the shores of your island.

Hurry down, hurry down !
Hurry, hurry, &c.

Galloglach and Kern, hurry down to the sea—

There the hungry Raven's beak is gaping for a prey,
Farrah ! to the onset ! Farrah ! to the shore !

Feast him with the pirate's flesh, the bird of gloom and gore !

Hurry down, hurry down !
Hurry down, &c.

Hurry, for the slaves of Bel are mustering to meet ye ;
Hurry by the beaten cliff, the Nordman longs to greet
ye ,

Hurry from the mountain ! hurry, hurry from the plain !

Welcome him and never let him leave our land again !

Hurry down, hurry down !

Hurry down, &c.

On the land a sulky wolf, and in the sea a shark,
Hew the ruffian spoiler down, and burn his gory bark !
Slayer of the unresisting ! ravager profane !
Leave the White sea-tyrant's limbs to moulder on the plain.

Hurry down, hurry down !

Hurry down, &c.

PADDIES EVERMORE.

The hour is past to fawn or crouch
As suppliants for our right ;
Let word and deed unshrinking vouch
The banded millions' might :
Let them who scorned the fountain rill,
Now dread the torrent's roar,
And hear our echoed chorus still,
We're Paddies evermore.

What, though they menace, suffering men
Their threats and them despise;
Or promise justice once again,
We know their words are lies;
We stand resolved those rights to claim
They robbed us of before,
Our own dear nation and our name,
As Paddies evermore.

Look round—the Frenchman governs France,
The Spaniard rules in Spain,
The gallant Pole but waits his chance
To break the Russian chain;
The strife for freedom here begun
We never will give o'er,
Nor own a land on earth but one—
We're Paddies evermore.

That strong and single love to crush,
The despot ever tried—
A fount it was whose living gush
His hated arts defied.
'Tis fresh, as when his foot accurst
Was planted on our shore,
And now and still, as from the first,
We're Paddies evermore.

What reck we though six hundred years
Have o'er our thraldom rolled,
The soul that roused O'Conor's spears,
Still lives as true and bold;

The tide of foreign power to stem
Our fathers bled of yore,
And we stand here to-day, like them,
True Paddies evermore.

Where's our allegiance? With the land
For which they nobly died;
Our duty? By our cause to stand,
Whatever chance betide;
Our cherished hope? To heal the woes,
That rankle at her core;
Our scorn and hatred? To her foes,
Like Paddies evermore.

The hour is past to fawn or crouch
As suppliants for our right;
Let word and deed unshrinking vouch
The banded millions' might;
Let them who scorned the fountain rill,
Now dread the torrent's roar,
And hear our echoed chorus still,
We're Paddies evermore.

THE RAKES OF MALLOW.

AIR—“*Sandy lent the man his Mull.*”

BRAUING, belling, dancing, drinking,
Breaking windows, damning, sinking,*
Ever raking, never thinking,

Live the rakes of Mallow.

Spending faster than it comes,
Beating waiters, bailiffs, duns,
Bacchus’s true begotten sons,

Live the rakes of Mallow

One time nought but claret drinking,
Then like politicians thinking
To raise the sinking funds when sinking,

Live the rakes of Mallow.

When at home with dadda dying,
Still for Mallow water crying ;
But where there’s good claret plying

Live the rakes of Mallow.

Living short, but merry lives ; —
Going where the devil drives ;
Having sweethearts, but no wives,

Live the rakes of Mallow.

* Cursing extravagantly; i. e. “damning you to hell, and sinking you lower.”

Racking tenants, stewards teasing,
 Swiftly spending, slowly raising,
 Wishing to spend all their days in
 Raking as at Mallow.

Then to end this raking life
 They get sober, take a wife,
 Ever after live in strife,
 And wish again for Mallow.

UP FOR THE GREEN!

A SONG OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN, A. D. 1796.

AIR—“*Wearing of the Green.*”

'Tis the green—oh, the green is the colour of the true,
 And we'll back it 'gainst the orange, and we'll raise it
 o'er the blue!

For the colour of our Fatherland alone should here be
 seen—

'Tis the colour of the martyr'd dead—our own immortal
 green.

Then up for the green, boys, and up for the green!
 Oh, 'tis down to the dust, and a shame to be seen;
 But we've hands—oh, we've hands, boys, full strong
 enough, I ween,
 To rescue and to raise again our own immortal green!

They may say they have power 'tis vain to oppose—
'Tis better to obey and live, than surely die as foes ;
But we scorn all their threats, boys, whatever they may
mean ;
For we trust in God above us, and we dearly love the
green.
So, we'll up for the green, and we'll up for the
green !
Oh, to *die* is far better than be curst as we have
been ;
And we've hearts—oh, we've hearts, boys, full true
enough, I ween,
To rescue and to raise again our own immortal green !

They may swear as they often did, our wretchedness to
cure ;
But we'll never trust John Bull again, nor let his lies
allure.
No, we won't—no, we won't, Bull, for now nor ever
more !
For we've hopes on the ocean, and we've trust on the
shore.
Then up for the green, boys, and up for the green !
Shout it back to the Sasanach, “ We'll *never* sell the
green ! ”
For our TONE is coming back, and with men enough,
I ween,
To rescue, and avenge us and our own immortal
green.

Oh, remember the days when their reign we did
disturb,
At Luimneac * and Dúrlas†—Blackwater and
Béalboib‡ ; †

And ask this proud Saxon if our blows he did enjoy,
When we met him on the battle-field, of France—at
Fontenoy.

Then we'll up for the green, boys, and up for the
green !

Oh, 'tis still in the dust, and a shame to be seen ;
But we've hearts and we've hands, boys, full strong
enough, I ween,
To rescue and to raise again our own unsullied green !

* Limerick.

† MispeIled Thurles.

‡ Benburb.

FOR I AM DESOLATE.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

THE Christmas light* is burning bright
In many a village pane,
And many a cottage rings to-night
With many a merry strain.
Young boys and girls run laughing by,
Their hearts and eyes elate,
I can but think on mine, and sigh,
For I am desolate.

There's none to watch in our old cot,
Beside the holy light,
No tongue to bless the silent spot
Against the parting night.†
I've closed the door and hither come
To mourn my lonely fate;
I cannot bear my own old home,
It is so desolate!

* A light, blessed by the Priest, and lighted at sunset, on Christmas eve, in Irish houses. It is a kind of impiety to snuff, touch, or use it for any profane purposes after.

† It is the custom in Irish Catholic families to sit up till midnight on Christmas-eve, in order to join in devotion at that hour. Few ceremonies of their religion have a more splendid and imposing effect than the morning mass, which in cities is celebrated soon after the hour alluded to and long before day-break.

I saw my father's eyes grow dim,
And clasped my mother's knee;
I saw my mother follow him,
My husband wept with me.
My husband did not long remain,
His child was left me yet;
But now my heart's last love is slain,
And I am desolate!

THE GREEN ABOVE THE RED.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

AIR—“*Irish Molly O!*”

FULL often when our fathers saw the Red above the Green,
They rose in rude but fierce array, with sabre, pike, and skian,
And over many a noble town, and many a field of dead,
They proudly set the Irish Green above the English Red.

But in the end, throughout the land, the shameful sight
was seen—

The English Red in triumph high above the Irish Green;

But well they died in breach and field, who, as their
spirits fled,
Still saw the Green maintain its place above the English
Red.

And they who saw, in after times, the Red above the
Green,
Were withered as the grass that dies beneath a forest
screen;
Yet often by this healthy hope their sinking hearts were
fed.
That, in some day to come, the Green should flutter
o'er the Red.

Sure 'twas for this Lord Edward died, and Wolfe Tone
sunk serene—
Because they could not bear to leave the Red above the
Green;
And 'twas for this that Owen fought, and Sarsfield
nobly bled—
Because their eyes were hot to see the Green above the
Red.

So, when the strife began again, our darling Irish
Green
Was down upon the earth, while high the English Red
was seen;
Yet still we held our fearless course, for something in us
said,
“Before the strife is o'er you'll see the Green above the
Red.”

And 'tis for this we think and toil, and knowledge strive
to glean,
That we may pull the English Red below the Irish
Green,
And leave our sons sweet Liberty, and smiling plenty
spread
Above the land once dark with blood—*the Green above
the Red!*

The jealous English tyrant now has bann'd the Irish
Green,
And forced us to conceal it like a something foul and
mean;
But yet, by Heavens! he'll sooner raise his victims from
the dead
Than force our hearts to leave the Green, and cotton to
the Red!

We'll trust ourselves, for God is good, and blesses those
who lean
On their brave hearts, and not upon an earthly king or
queen;
And, freely as we lift our hands, we vow our blood to
shed
Once and for evermore to raise the Green above the
Red!

THE GIRL I LOVE.

BY J. J. CALLANAN.

[Translated from the Irish.]

The girl I love is comely, straight and tall ;
Down her white neck her auburn tresses fall :
Her dress is neat, her carriage light and free—
Here's a health to that charming maid whoe'er she be !

The rose's blush but fades beside her cheek ;
Her eyes are blue, her forehead pale and meek ;
Her lips like cherries on a summer tree—
Here's a health to the charming maid whoe'er she be !

When I go to the field no youth can lighter bound,
And I freely pay when the cheerful jug goes round ;
The barrel is full : but its heart we soon shall see—
Come, here's to that charming maid whoe'er she be !

Had I the wealth that props the Saxon's reign ;
Or the diamond crown that decks the King of Spain,
I'd yield them all if she kindly smiled on me—
Here's a health to the maid I love whoe'er she be !

Five pounds of gold for each lock of her hair I'd pay,
And five times five, for my love one hour each day ;
Her voice is more sweet than the thrush on its own green
tree—

Then, my dear, may I drink a fond deep health to thee !

COME TO GLENGARIFF! COME.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

AIR—“*Ours is a merry land.*”

Come to Glengariff! come!

Close by the sea,

Ours is a happy home

Peaceful and free.

There, there, far away,

Happy by our sunny bay

We live from day to day,

Blithe as the bee.

For ours is a sunny home

Joyous and free,

Come to Glengariff! come!

Close by the sea.

Thine is a mountain hoar

Frowning and wild,

Ours is a lowland shore

Fertile and mild.

There, there, loud and strong,

Sudden tempests drive along;

Here, their gentle song

Scarce moves the tree!

For ours is a lowland home

Peaceful and free;

Come from the mountain! come!

Come to the sea!

RECRUITING SONG FOR THE IRISH BRIGADE.

BY MAURICE O'CONNELL, M. P.

Is there a youthful gallant here
On fire for fame—unknowing fear—
Who in the charge's mad career
On Éire's foes would flesh his spear ?

Come, let him wear the White Cockade,
And learn the soldier's glorious trade,
'Tis of such stuff a hero's made,
Then let him join the Bold Brigade.

Who scorns to own a Saxon Lord,
And toil to swell a stranger's hoard ?
Who for rude blow or gibing word
Would answer with the Freeman's sword ?

Come, let him wear the White Cockade, &c.

Does Éire's foully slandered name
Suffuse thy cheek with generous shame—
Wouldst right her wrongs—restore her fame ?—
Come, then, the soldier's weapon claim—

Come, then, and wear the White Cockade, &c.

Come, free from bonds your fathers' faith,
Redeem its shrines from scorn and scathe,

The Hero's fame, the Martyr's wreath,
Will gild your life or crown your death.

Then, come, and wear the White Cockade, &c.

To drain the cup—with girls to toy,
The serf's vile soul with bliss may cloy ;
But would'st thou taste a manly joy ?—
Oh ! it was ours at Fontenoy !

Come, then, and wear the White Cockade, &c.

To many a fight thy fathers led,
Full many a Saxon's life-blood shed ;
From thee, as yet, no foe has fled—
Thou wilt not shame the glorious dead ?

Then, come, and wear the White Cockade, &c.

Oh ! come—for slavery, want and shame,
We offer vengeance, freedom, fame,
With Monarchs, comrade rank to claim,
And, nobler still, the Patriot's name.

Oh ! come and wear the White Cockade,
And learn the soldier's glorious trade ;
'Tis of such stuff a hero's made—
Then come and join the Bold Brigade.

GARRYOWEN.

LET Bacchus's sons be not dismayed,
 But join with me each jovial blade ;
 Come booze and sing, and lend your aid

To help me with the chorus :—

Instead of Spa* we'll drink brown ale,
 And pay the reckoning on the nail,†
 No man for debt shall go to gaol

From Garryowen in glory !

We are the boys that take delight in
 Smashing the Limerick lamps when lighting,‡
 Through the streets like sporters fighting,
 And tearing all before us.

Instead, &c.

We'll break windows, we'll break doors,
 The watch knock down by threes and fours ;

* The spa of Castle Connell, about six miles from Limerick, was in high repute at the period when this song was written.

† "Circular tablets of metal in the Exchange, so called, and where it was customary to pay down the earnest money."—SIR CHARLES O'DONNELL. "Paying the reckoning on the nail," was a cant phrase for knocking a man on the head. "Nail him," being equivalent to "knock him down."

‡ "Lamps were first put up in the streets of Limerick at the sole expense of Alderman Thomas Rose, in 1696."—FERRAR'S *Limerick*.

Then let the doctors work their cures,
And tinker up our bruises.

Instead, &c.

We'll beat the bailiffs, out of fun,
We'll make the mayor and sheriffs run ;
We are the boys no man dares dun,
If he regards a whole skin.

Instead, &c.

Our hearts, so stout, have got us fame,
For soon 'tis known from whence we came ;
Where'er we go they dread the name
Of Garryowen in glory.

Instead, &c.

Johnny Connell's tall and straight,
And in his limbs he is complete ;
He'll pitch a bar of any weight,
From Garryowen to Thomond Gate.*

Instead, &c.

* That is, from one side of Limerick to the other. In Fitzgerald and MacGregor's "History of Limerick," when noticing the customs and amusements of the lower orders, it is stated that the tradesmen formerly marched in grotesque procession on midsummer's-day, and that "the day generally ended in a terrible fight between the Garryowen and Thomond Gate boys—the tradesmen of the north and south suburbs."

Garryowen is gone to wrack
 Since Johnny Connell went to Cork,
 Though Darby O'Brien leapt over the dock
 In spite of judge and jury.

Instead, &c.

Fáilte abáile ! Fáilte abáile !

SONG FROM THE INVASION.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

Fáilte abáile ! Fáilte abáile ! welcome to the
 mountains !

Fáilte abáile ! welcome to your native woods and
 fountains !

To hear the harper play again—and the shouts that
 greet thee ;

Fáilte abáile ! how it glads the widow's heart to
 meet thee !

Fáilte abáile ! Fáilte abáile !
 Welcome to Ráit arden.

Sjúbaíl abáile ! Sjúbaíl abáile ! through our parted
 island,

Many a friend and foe hast thou in valley and in high-
 land.

But where'er the friends are false—when the foes distress thee,

Sjúbajl abbajle! here are ready weapons to redress thee.

Sjúbajl abbajle! sjúbajl abbajle!

Shelter in Rájt ayden.

Ejjijz abbajle! ejjijz abbajle! far in Corca's vallies,
When round the Bloody Hand the routed Dal Gas
rallies;

When the groans of dying friends fill the air above
thee,

Ejjijz abbajle! there are hands to help, and hearts to
love thee.

Ejjijz abbajle! ejjijz abbajle!

Hasten to Rájt ayden.

SONG OF AN EXILE.

AIR—“Díapmáis O'Dúibh."

FAREWELL, and for ever, my loved isle of sorrow,
Thy green vales and mountains delight me no more.
My bark's on the wave and the noon of to-morrow
Will see the poor exile far, far, from thy shore.

Again, my loved home, I may never behold thee,
Thy hope was a meteor—thy glory a dream;
Accurst be the dastards, the slaves that have sold thee,
And doomed thee, lost Éire, to bondage and shame.

The senseless, the cold, from remembrance may wean
them,
Through the world they unloved and unloving may
roam;
But the heart of the patriot—though seas roll between
them—
Forgets not the smiles of his once happy home.

Time may roll o'er me its circles uncheering,
Columbia's proud forests around me shall wave;
But the exile shall never forget thee, loved Éire,
Till, unmourned, he sleep in a far, foreign grave.

DEAR LAND.

WHEN comes the day, all hearts to weigh,
If stanch they be, or vile,
Shall we forget the sacred debt
We owe our mother isle ?
My native heath is brown beneath,
My native waters blue ;
But crimson red o'er both shall spread,
Ere I am false to you,

Dear land—

Ere I am false to you.

When I behold your mountains bold—
Your noble lakes and streams—
A mingled tide of grief and pride
Within my bosom teems.
I think of all, your long, dark thrall—
Your martyrs brave and true ;
And dash apart the tears that start—
We must not weep for you,

Dear land—

We must not weep for you.

My grandsire died, his home beaide ;
They seized and hanged him there ;
His only crime, in evil time,
Your hallowed green to wear.

THE EMERALD ISLE.

ALAS ! border minstrel, the summons is vain,
For unstrung is the harp, and forgotten the strain
Which *Egle* once sung in her pride ;
And now, robbed of the glories that circled her reign,
To the heart-rending clank of a conqueror's chain,
All tuneless she wanders the desolate plain,
With the blood of her patriots dyed !

Gone, gone are the days when the western gale
Awoke every voice of the lake and the vale,
With the harp, and the lute, and the lyre !
When justice uplifted her adamant shield,
While valour and freedom illumin'd the field,
And thy free-born sons made the foeman to yield,
With a sword and a plumage of fire !

And now, border minstrel, the bigot and slave
Pollute the pure land of the free-born brave,
The land of the sigh and the smile !—
Then accurs'd be the recreant heart that could sing
And withered the hand that would waken a string
Till the angel of Liberty wave her wild wing
Again o'er the Emerald Isle !

THE FORSAKEN MAID.

He is gone ! he is gone !
And my bosom is sore,
For I loved him too well,
And shall ne'er see him more !
Though they said he was false,
Yet I would not believe,
When I gazed in his eyes,
That his heart could deceive.

He is gone ! he is gone !
And I wander alone
By the stream where so oft
He hath called me "his own."
But his vows are forgot,
And my eyes are now dim
With the tears I have wept
For the falsehood of him.

Oh ! the blossoms are fading,
And falling away,
For the Summer is gone,
And they haste to decay ;
And this heart, since the sunshine
It bloomed in hath fled,
Must soon, like the flowers,
Lie withered and dead.

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

My darling, my darling, while silence is on the moor,
And lone in the sunshine, I sit by our cabin door;
When evening falls quiet and calm over land and sea,
My darling, my darling, I think of past times and
thee !

Here, while on this cold shore, I wear out my lonely
hours,

My child in the heavens is spreading my bed with
flowers,

All weary my bosom is grown of this friendless clime,
But I long not to leave it ; for that were a shame and
crime.

They bear to the church-yard the youth in their health
away,

I know where a fruit hangs more ripe for the grave than
they,

But I wish not for death for my spirit is all resigned,
And the hope that stays with me, gives peace to my aged
mind.

My darling, my darling, God gave to my feeble age,
A prop for my faint heart, a stay in my pilgrimage ;
My darling, my darling, God takes back his gift
again—
And my heart may be broken, but ne'er shall my will
complain.

SONG OF AN EXILE.

BY JAMES ORR.

[Subsequent to the Rebellion of 1798, *James Orr*, the Bard of Ballycarry, was proscribed by the minions of Government. For a short period he skulked from covert to covert; but, conscious of his own innocence, at last surrendered himself. He was for a considerable time doomed to pine in captivity; but his enemies, unable to prove any overt act of treason against him, which would have furnished a sufficient pretext for sacrificing his life, granted him the *favour* (for such it was then considered) of *transporting himself to America*. On his outward passage, he composed the following verses on the Banks of Newfoundland.]

IN Ireland 'tis evening—from toil my friends hie all,
And weary walk home o'er the dew-spangled lea ;
The shepherd in love tunes his grief-soothing viol,
Or visits the maid that his partner will be ;
The blithe milk-maid trips to the herd that stands
lowing ;
The west richly smiles, and the landscape is glowing ;
The sad-sounding curfew, and torrent fast-flowing,
Are heard by my fancy, though far, far at sea !

What has my eye seen since I left the green vallies,
But ships as remote as the prospect could be ?
Unwieldy, huge monsters, as ugly as malice,
And floats of some wreck, which with sorrow I see ?
What's seen but the fowl, that its lonely flight urges,
The lightning that darts through the sky-meeting surges,
And the sad scowling sky that with bitter rain scourges ?
This cheek care sits drooping on, far, far at sea.

How hideous the hold is !—Here, children are screaming,
There, dames faint through thirst, with their babes on
their knee ;
Here, down every hatch the big breakers are streaming,
And there, with a crash half the fixtures break free !
Some court, some contend, some sit dull stories telling ;
The mate's mad and drunk, and the tars task'd and
yelling ;
What sickness and sorrow pervade my rude dwelling !—
A huge floating lazarus-house, far, far at sea !

How changed all may be when I seek the sweet village !
A hedge-row may bloom where its street used to be ;
The floors of my friends may be tortured by tillage,
And the upstart be served by the fallen grandee :
The axe may have humbled the grove that I haunted,
And shades be my shield that as yet are unplanted ;
Nor one comrade live, who repined when he wanted
The sociable sufferer that's far, far at sea !

In Ireland 'tis night—on the flowers of my setting
 A parent may kneel, fondly praying for me ;—
 The village is smokeless—the red moon is getting
 That hill for a throne which I yet hope to see.
 If innocence thrive, many more have to grieve for,
 Success, slow but sure, I'll contentedly live for ;—
 Yes, Sylvia, we'll meet, and your sigh cease to heave for
 The swain your fine image haunts, far, far at sea !

NO UNION FOR OUR DEAR NATIVE ISLAND!

BY EDWARD LYSAGHT.

AIR—“The dear little Island.”

May God, in whose hand
 Is the lot of each land—
 Who rules over ocean and dry land—
 Inspire our good king
 From his presence to fling
 Ill advisers who'd ruin our island.
 Don't we feel 'tis our dear native Island ?
 A fertile and fine little Island !
 May Orange and Green
 No longer be seen
 Distain'd with the blood of our Island !

M

The fair ones we prize
Declare they despise

Those who'd make it a slavish and vile land ;
Be their smiles our reward,
And we'll gallantly guard

All the rights and delights of our Island—
For, oh ! 'tis a lovely green Island !
Bright beauties adorn our Island !

At St. Patrick's command,
Vipers quitted our land—
But he's wanted again in our Island !

For her int'rest and pride,
We oft fought by the side
Of England, that haughty and high land ;
Nay, we'd do so again,
If she'd let us remain

A free and a flourishing Island—
But she, like a crafty and sly land,
Dissension excites in our Island,
And, our feuds to adjust,
She'd lay in the dust
All the freedom and strength of our Island.

A few years ago,
(Though now she says no,)
We agreed with that surly and shy land,
That each, as a friend,
Should the other defend,
And the crown be the link of each Island !

'Twas the final state-bond of each Island ;
Independence we swore to each Island
 Are we grown so absurd,
 As to credit her word,
When she's breaking her oath with our Island ?

Let us steadily stand
By our king and our land,
 And it shan't be a slavish or vile land ;
Nor impotent Pitt
Unpunished commit
 An attempt on the rights of our Island.
Each voice should resound through our Island,
You're my neighbour, but, Bull, this is my land !
 Nature's favourite spot,
 And I'd sooner be shot,
Than surrender the rights of our Island !

THE NIGHT BEFORE LARRY WAS STRETCH'D.

[This song has been commonly attributed, but the Editor believes most erroneously, to Dean Burrowes of Cork.]

The night before Larry was stretch'd
The boys they all paid him a visit,
And a bit in their sacks too they fetch'd,
They sweated their duds till they riz it:
For Larry was always the lad,
When a friend was condemn'd to the squeezer,
But he'd fence all the togs that he had,
To help a poor friend to the sneezer,
And moisten his gob 'fore he died.

"I'm sorry now, Larry," says I,
"To see you in this situation;
'Pon my conscience, my lad, I don't lie;
I'd rather it had been my own station."
"Och hone! 'tis all over," says he,
"For the neckcloth I'm forc'd to put on:
And by this time to-morrow you'll see,
Your Larry will be dead as mutton,
Bekays, why, my courage was good."

The boys they came crowding in fast,
They drew all their stools round about him ;
Six glims round his trap-case were plac'd,
He couldn't be well wak'd without them.
I ax'd if he was fit for to die,
Without having duly repented ?
Says Larry, " that's all in my eye,
It's only what gownsmen invented,
To get a fat bit for themselves."

The cards being call'd for, they play'd,
Till Larry found one of them cheated ;
He made a smart stroke at his head,
(The boy being easily heated,)
" Oh ! by the holy, you teef,
I'll scuttle your nob with my daddle :
You cheat me because I'm in grief,
But soon I'll demolish your noddle,
And leave you your claret to drink."

Then in came the priest with his book,
He spoke him so smooth and so civil ;
Larry tipp'd him a Kilmainham look,
And pitch'd his big wig to the devil ;
Then stooping a little his head,
To get a sweet drop of the bottle,
And pitiful sighing he said,
" Oh ! the hemp will be soon round my throttle,
And choke my poor windpipe to death."

So moving these last words he spoke,
We all vented our tears in a shower ;
For my part, I thought my heart broke,
To see him cut down like a flower.
On his travels we watch'd him next day ;
Oh, the hangman I thought I could kill him ;
Nor one word poor Larry did say,
Nor chang'd he till he came to King William,
Then, my dear, his colour turn'd white.

When he came to the nubbling chit,
He was tuck'd up so neat and so pretty ;
The rumbler jogg'd off from his feet,
And he died with his face to the city :
He kick'd too—but that was all pride,
For soon you might see 'twas all over ;
Soon after the noose was untied,
And at darkee we wak'd him in clover,
And sent him to take a ground sweat.

Céad míle fáilte, 'Féilim !*

SONG FROM THE INVASION.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

Céad míle fáilte ! child of the Ithian !

Céad míle fáilte, 'Féilim !

Aisneach, thy temple in ruins is lying,
In Druim na Druid the dark blast is sighing,
Lonely we shelter in grief and in danger,
Yet have we welcome and cheer for the stranger.

Céad míle fáilte ! child of the Ithian !

Céad míle fáilte, 'Féilim !

Woe for the weapons that guarded our slumbers,
Temreach, they said, was too small for our numbers ;
Little is left for our sons to inherit,
Yet what we have, thou art welcome to share it.

Céad míle fáilte ! child of the Ithian !

Céad míle fáilte, 'Féilim !

Corman, thy teachers have died broken hearted ;
Voice of the trilithon, thou art departed !
All have forsaken our mountains so dreary,
All but the spirit that welcomes the weary.

Céad míle fáilte ! child of the Ithian !

Céad míle fáilte, 'Féilim !

* Vulgarly pronounced Cead millia falta—"A hundred thousand welcomes."

Vainly the Draithe, alone in the mountain,
 Look to the torn cloud, or eddying fountain :
 The spell of the Christian has vanquished their power,
 Yet is he welcome to rest in our bower.

Céad míle fáilte ! child of the Ithian !

Céad míle fáilte, Féilim !

Wake for the Christian your welcoming number !
 Strew the dry rushes to pillow his slumbers,
 Long let him cherish, with deep recollection,
 The eve of our feast, and the Druid's affection.

Céad míle fáilte ! child of the Ithian !

Céad míle fáilte, Féilim !

AND MUST WE PART?

BY J. J. CALLANAN.

AIR—"Ní meallfaí mé ariú."*

AND must we part? then fare thee well!
 But he that wails it—he can tell
 How dear thou wert, how dear thou art,
 And ever must be, to this heart;
 But now 'tis vain—it cannot be;
 Farewell! and think no more on me.

* "I will not be deceived again."

Oh ! yes—this heart would sooner break,
Than one unholy thought awake ;
I'd sooner slumber into clay
Than cloud thy spirit's beauteous ray ;
Go, free as air—as angel free,
And, lady, think no more on me.

Oh ! did we meet when brighter star
Sent its fair promise from afar,
I then might hope to call thee mine ;
The minstrel's heart and harp were thine ;
But now 'tis past—it cannot be ;
Farewell ! and think ne more on me.

Or do !—but let it be the hour
When Mercy's all-atoning power
From His high throne of glory hears
Of souls like thine, the prayers, the tears ;
Then, whilst you bend the suppliant knee,
Then—then, oh Lady ! think on me.

LAMENT FOR THE MILESIANS. •

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

Oh ! proud were the chieftains of proud Innis-Fail,
 ॥'ർ τριμαζ̄ ɔɪð̄jɪ 'η-ά ८-फारियाद !*

The stars of our sky and the salt of our soil,
 ॥'र्त्रιμαζ̄ ɔɪð̄jɪ 'η-ά ८-फारियाद !

Their hearts were as soft as a child in the lap,
 Yet they were "the men in the gap"—
 And now that the cold clay their limbs doth enwrap,
 ॥'र्त्रिमαζ̄ ɔɪð̄jɪ 'η-ά ८-फारियाद !

'Gainst England, long battling, at length they went
 down,

But they've left their deep tracks on the road of renown,
 ॥'र्त्रिमαζ̄ ɔɪð̄jɪ 'η-ά ८-फारियाद !

We are heirs of their fame, if we're not of their race,
 And deadly and deep our disgrace,
 If we live o'er their sepülchres, abject and base,

॥'र्त्रिमαζ̄ ɔɪð̄jɪ 'η-ά ८-फारियाद !

* "That is pity, without heir in their company," i. e. What a pity that there is no heir of their company. See the poem of Giolla Iosa Mor Mac Firbisigh in *The Genealogies, Tribes, and Customs of the Uí Fiachrach*, or *O'Dubhda's Country*, printed for the Irish Arch. Soc. p. 230, line 2, and note d. Also O'Reilly's *Dict. voc.* फारियाद.

Oh ! sweet were the minstrels of kind Innis-Fail !

Ա'ր տրագ ՅԱՀ ՕՐԵՐԻ ՚Ի-Ա Ե-ՔԱՐԱԾ !

Whose music, nor ages nor sorrow can spoil,

Ա'ր տրագ ՅԱՀ ՕՐԵՐԻ ՚Ի-Ա Ե-ՔԱՐԱԾ !

But their sad stifled tones are like streams flowing hid,
Their *càoյne* and their pibroch were chid,

And their language, "that melts into music," forbid,

Ա'ր տրագ ՅԱՀ ՕՐԵՐԻ ՚Ի-Ա Ե-ՔԱՐԱԾ !

How fair were the maidens of fair Innis-Fail !

Ա'ր տրագ ՅԱՀ ՕՐԵՐԻ ՚Ի-Ա Ե-ՔԱՐԱԾ !

As fresh and as free as the sea-breeze from soil,

Ա'ր տրագ ՅԱՀ ՕՐԵՐԻ ՚Ի-Ա Ե-ՔԱՐԱԾ !

Oh ! are not our maidens as fair and as pure,

Can our music no longer allure ?

And can we but sob, as such wrongs we endure,

Ա'ր տրագ ՅԱՀ ՕՐԵՐԻ ՚Ի-Ա Ե-ՔԱՐԱԾ !

Their famous, their holy, their dear Innis-Fail,

Ա'ր տրագ ՅԱՀ ՕՐԵՐԻ ՚Ի-Ա Ե-ՔԱՐԱԾ !

Shall it still be a prey for the stranger to spoil,

Ա'ր տրագ ՅԱՀ ՕՐԵՐԻ ՚Ի-Ա Ե-ՔԱՐԱԾ !

Sure, brave men would labour by night and by day

To banish that stranger away,

Or, dying for Ireland, the future would say

Ա'ր տրագ ՅԱՀ ՕՐԵՐԻ ՚Ի-Ա Ե-ՔԱՐԱԾ !

Oh ! shame—for unchanged is the face of our isle,
 ॥'r τημαζ̄ ɔjðjɪl 'η-α ð-φαρηαδ̄ !
 That taught them to battle, to sing, and to smile,
 ॥'r τημαζ̄ ɔjðjɪl 'η-α ð-φαρηαδ̄ !
 We are heirs of their rivers, their sea, and their land,
 Our sky and our mountains as grand—
 We are heirs—oh ! we're not of their heart and their
 hand,
 ॥'r τημαζ̄ ɔjðjɪl 'η-α ð-φαρηαδ̄ !

THE MONKS OF THE SCREW.

BY JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

WHEN St. Patrick our order created,
 And called us The Monks of the Screw,
 Good rules he revealed to our Abbot,
 To guide us in what we should do.

But first he replenished his fountain
 With liquor the best in the sky ;
 And he swore by the word of his Saintship,
 That fountain should never run dry !

My children, be chaste—till you're tempted ;
 While sober, be wise and discreet ;
 And humble your bodies with fasting
 Whene'er you have nothing to eat.

Then be not a glass in the Convent
Except on a festival found ;
And this rule to enforce, I ordain it
A festival all the year round !

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

BY H. G. CURRAN.

FAREWELL, my native Land, for I
Must leave your lovely shore ;
Because I cursed the tyranny
That wrings your heart so sore ;
But never shall my cheek be wet,
Or grief on me be seen ;
For, spite of all, I don't regret
The wearing of the Green.

My father loved you tenderly,
He sleeps within your breast ;
For that same love I cannot be
Laid with him in his rest ;
And lonely my sweet love must stray,
That was our village queen ;
For her lover's banished far away
For wearing of the Green.

They told me if I'd turn from
The Green, and wear the Blue,
That I might still remain at home
And—Mary—be with you ;
But twice as sorrowful you'd be
If I had traitor been ;
You said—you'd love me—'cross the sea,
“ But never sell the Green !”

Then, Mary, dry that bitter tear
'Twould break my heart to see ;
And gently sleep my mother dear,
That cannot weep for me :
My spirit yet will seek your home,
Though seas roll wide between,
For I'll watch the time, that yet *will* come
For wearing of the Green.

I care not for the Thistle,
And I care not for the Rose ;
For when the bleak winds whistle,
Neither down nor crimson shows :
But like hope to him that's friendless,
When no joy around is seen
O'er our Graves, with love that's endless,
Waves our own true-hearted Green.

Oh, sure God's world was wide enough,
And plentiful for all ;
And ruined cabins were no stuff
To build a lordly Hall :
They might have let the poor man live,
And just as lordly been ;
But—Heaven its own good time will give,
For wearing of the Green.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Go where glory waits thee,
But while fame elates thee,
 Oh ! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest,
To thine ear is sweetest,
 Oh ! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee
 Sweeter far may be ;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
 Oh ! then remember me.

When, at eve, thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
 Oh ! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
 Oh ! thus remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its ling'ring roses,
 Once so lov'd by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her, who made thee love them,
 Oh ! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
 Oh ! then remember me.
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
 Oh ! still remember me.
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
 Draw one tear from thee ;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I us'd to sing thee,--
 Oh ! then remember me.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

BY GEORGE NUGENT REYNOLDS.*

AIR—“Sa thújlíoch tóill.”

PART I.—1792.

GREEN were the fields where my forefathers dwelt, O ;
 Eype, mo thújlíoch ! mo t'lan leat go brah !†
 Tho' our farm was small yet comforts we felt, O .
 Eype, &c.

At length came the day when our lease did expire,
 And fain would I live where before lived my sire ;
 But ah ! well-a-day ! I was forced to retire.

Eype, &c.

Tho' the laws I obey'd, no protection I found, O ;
 Eype, &c.

With what grief I beheld my cot burn'd to the ground, O !
 Eype, &c.

* See Appendix.

† Erin, ma vourneen ! alan leat go brah !—“Ireland, my darling ! for ever adieu !”

Forc'd from my home ; yea from where I was born,
 To range the wide world—poor, helpless, forlorn ;
 I look back with regret—and my heart strings are torn.

Ejne, &c.

With principles pure, patriotic, and firm,

Ejne, &c.

To my country attached and a friend to reform,

Ejne, &c.

I supported old Ireland—was ready to die for it ;

If her foes e'er prevail'd I was well known to sigh for it ;
 But my faith I preserv'd and am now forced to fly for it.

Ejne, &c.

But hark ! I hear sounds, and my heart is strong beating,

Ejne, &c.

Loud cries for redress, and avaunt on retreating,

Ejne, &c.

We have numbers, and numbers do constitute pow'r ;

Let us will to be free—and we're free from that hour :
 Of Hibernia's brave sons, oh ! we feel we're the flower.

*Buað leat, mo týrriðn ! Ejne go brah !**

* Bole yudh, ma vourneen ! Erin go brah !—“Victory to you, my darling! Ireland for ever!”

PART II.—1798.

THERE came to the beach a poor exile of Éire,
The dew on his raiment was heavy and chill ;
For his country he sighed when at twilight repairing,
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eyes' sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where oft in the fire of his youthful emotion
He sang the bold anthem of Éire go bráit.

Oh, sad is my fate, said the heart-broken stranger,
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee ;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not to me.
Ah ! never again in the green sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers liv'd, shall I spend the sweet
hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Éire go bráit.

Éire, my country, tho' sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore,
But alas ! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.

Oh ! cruel fate, wilt thou never replace me,
 In a mansion of peace where no perils can chase me :
 Ah ! never again shall my brothers embrace me,
 They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

Where is my cabin door, fast by the wild wood ?
 Sisters and sire, did you weep for its fall ?
 Where is the mother that looked on my childhood ?
 And where is the bosom friend dearer than all ?
 Oh ! my sad heart, long abandon'd by pleasure,
 Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure,
 Tears like the rain drop may fall without measure,
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recal !

Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,
 One dying wish my lone bosom can draw—
 Eile, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing,
 Land of my forefathers, Eile go bhráit.
 Buried and cold when my heart stills her motion,
 Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean,
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with emotion,
 Eile, mo mhuiríon ! Eile go bhráit !

ELEEN O'MORE.**BY GEORGE NUGENT REYNOLDS.**

"Seldom shall you hear a tale
So sad, so tender, yet so true."—*Shenstone.*

PART I.

You soldiers of Britain, your barbarous doing,
Long, long will the children of Erin deplore :
How sad is my heart, when I view the black ruin,
That once was the cabin of Eleen O'More !
Her father, poor Dermot, his country loved dearly,
It's wrongs, it's oppressions he felt most severely,
And with all friends of freedom united sincerely—
Such was the fond father of Eleen O'More.

One dark winter night honest Dermot sat musing ;
Loud curses alarmed him, and crash went his door ;
The fierce soldiers entered, of treason accusing
The mild, but brave father of Eleen O'More :
Their scoffs he returned not, with blows they assailed
him,
His soul roused indignant, his prudence now failed him,
Their blows he repaid, and his country bewailed him,
For stabbed was the father of Eleen O'More.

The children's shrill screams—and the mother's distraction—

The parent—the husband—fall'n weltering in gore;
Ah! who this can hear, and not curse the foul faction

That murdered the father of Eileen O'More?

"Oh, my father! my father!" she cries, wildly throwing
Her arms round his neck, as his heart streams were
flowing,

She kissed his pale lips, until, still fainter growing,
He groaned, and an orphan left Eileen O'More.

Unsated with blood, this infernal banditti,

Resolved on destruction, dire vengeance still swore;
Those friends of the Castle, but strangers to pity,

Set fire to the cottage of Eileen O'More.

The mother and children half naked and shrieking,
Escaped from the flames, with their hearts almost
breaking,

But, while these poor wretches some shelter were seek-
ing,

Oh, mark, what befel hapless Eileen O'More.

From her loved father's corse, which her lap had sup-
ported,

To an outhouse the ruffians this innocent bore,
With her tears, her entreaties, and sorrows they sported,

And ruined for ever sweet Eileen O'More:

Who, now a poor maniac, roves o'er the bleak common;
Against British soldiers she warns every woman,
And sings of her father in strains more than human,

While heart-rending sighs burst from Eileen O'More.

Ye daughters of Erin, retain this narration,
While ocean's rude billows break round your green shore,
Remember the wrongs of your poor hapless nation,
Remember the woes of sweet Eileen O'More :
To your brothers, your lovers, recal this aggression,
Nor cease till the story make such deep impression,
That from such examples of lawless oppression,
Relieved is the country of Eileen O'More.

PART II.

As I strayed o'er a common on Cork's rugged border,
While the dew-drops of morn the sweet primrose arrayed,
I saw a poor female, whose mental disorder,
Her quick glancing eye and wild aspect betrayed ;
On the sward she reclined, by the green fern surrounded,
At her feet, speckled daisies and crowflowers abounded ;
To its inmost recess her poor heart had been wounded,
Her sighs were unceasing—'twas Eileen O'More !

Her charms by the keen blast of sorrow were faded,
Yet the soft tints of beauty still played on her cheek,
Her tresses a wreath of pale primroses braided,
And strings of fresh daisies hung loose on her neck.
While with pity I gaz'd, she exclaimed, " Oh ! my mother !
See the blood on that lash, 'tis the blood of my brother ;
They have torn his poor flesh, and they now strip
another—
'Tis Conor, the friend of poor Eileen O'More !

"Though his locks are as white as the foam on the ocean,
These soldiers shall find that my father is brave;
My father!" she cried, with the wildest emotion,
"Ah! no, my poor father now sleeps in his grave!
They have tolled his death-bell, they have laid the turf
o'er him;
His white locks were bloody! no aid could restore him;
He is gone! he is gone! and the good will deplore him,
When the blue wave of Erin hides Eileen O'More."

A lark, from the gold blossomed furze that grew near her,
Now rose, and with energy carolled his lay;
"Hush, hush!" she continued, "the trumpets sound
clearer;
The horsemen approach—Erin's daughters, away!
Ah! soldiers, 'twas foul, while the cottage was burning,
And o'er her poor father a wretch had been mourning—
Go, hide with the sea-mew, ye maids, and take warning,
These ruffians have ruined poor Eileen O'More!"

Thus raved the poor maniac, in tones more heart-rending
Than sanity's voice ever poured on my ear.
When, lo! on the waste, and their course towards her
bending,
A fierce troop of cavalry chanced to appear;
"Oh! the fiends!" she exclaimed, and with wild horror
started,
Then through the tall fern, loudly screaming, she
darted;
With bosom o'ercharged then I slowly departed,
And sighed for the wrongs of poor Eileen O'More.

APPENDIX.

AUTHORSHIP OF THE "EXILE OF ERIN," &c.

ON the very important literary controversy respecting the authorship of the "Exile of Erin," the Editor has received the subjoined communication from a gentleman who has taken considerable trouble to arrive at an exact knowledge of the facts upon which the claim of Mr. Campbell to that beautiful and characteristically Irish Lyric is contested. To no one could it be a cause of more pain than to the Editor, to think that a man of Campbell's genius should have descended to so base an act as the claiming to himself the production of another, and he would make any supposition, however full of improbabilities, to avoid being forced to such a conclusion. The facts stated by Mr. Ellis, and so solemnly attested, scarce leave room for any one not doubting their veracity (which, considering the responsibility and position of the parties, is nearly impossible,) to come to any decision creditable to the fame of Mr. Campbell.

Hardwicke-place, Dublin,
12th November, 1845.

MY DEAR BARRY,

The beautiful and pathetic song of the "Exile of Erin" has, from the hour of its publication, ranked, in

the opinion of many as the first, and in the opinion of all as amongst the first of lyrical poems.

The following history of the composition of this song invests it with interest, and is an earnest of the truthfulness of its images.

In the autumn of 1798 John Cormick, the expatriated Irish rebel, described in a letter to his brother Michael the miseries that he felt in exile. He lamented his loss of fortune, and friends, and country. He spoke of the occupation and plunder of his house in Dublin by the military, and of the destruction upon that occasion of articles, which, though to others of slight value, were to him of inestimable interest. Amongst others, he especially deplored the loss upon that occasion of a volume of manuscript poems of his friend and relative, George Nugent Reynolds, of Letterfine; and requested his brother to procure copies of some of the poetry of Reynolds, and to send it out as a consolation to him in his exile.

This letter was sent to Reynolds, who, upon the occasion, wrote the since-celebrated song of the "Exile of Erin," with the purpose of sending it out to John Cormick, and of which song John Cormick was himself the hero.

Reynolds intended this song as a second part and conclusion to his well known song of "Green were the Fields," which he had written in the year 1792, in the form and under the disguise of a street ballad. In the first part he painted from actual observation the sorrows of the exiled Irishman, driven from his beloved home. In the second part he described the same Exile expiring on a foreign shore, and pouring forth with his dying

breathe a blessing on his native land. The subjects in both parts are nearly similar ; but in the second they are handled with much more poetic power, and are freed from the vulgar disguise of the street ballad. The thoughts, imperfectly enounced in the first part, after having lain for some time longer in the rich crucible of the poet's mind, were in the second part poured forth refined, and energized by reflection, and glowing with enthusiasm, the very essence of beautiful and perfect poetry.

A similar process of the same poet's mind produced the two parts of the descriptive ballad of "Eleen O'More," which I send with this letter. The first part of "Eleen O'More" has been nearly forgotten ; and the second part, after an absurd attempt to change the original name, was, I believe, claimed by some obscure plagiarist.

Both these poems are written in the same metre—an unusual and difficult one, adapted to the Irish melody of "Erin go Bragh"—a tune which appears unsuited to any poetry except such as tells of Irish sorrow, and which, in fact, has never been united to words possessing poetic merit upon any other subject. This noble and melancholy air seems formed to waft abroad the tones of Irish suffering, and, like some time-sweetened bell, as often as its music is awakened by the poet's hand, it ever rings the sweet and mournful knell for some departed joy, or blighted happiness, or buried hope of Ireland.

The two parts of the "Exile," and of "Eleen O'More," are of great value as faithful pictures of Irish scenes by eye-witnesses. They are fine specimens of the

contemporaneous ballad, which may be justly styled the lesser light of history. They are records of the causes of popular excitement, and show the heavings of the Irish heart before it was driven into wild rebellion. They thus become to the national, what fossils are to the natural, historian, and enable him to measure with exactness and certainty those monsters of cruelty and tyranny which improving ages have swept from the scene of life.

It was from the ocean of Ireland's sorrows that these beauties of the song arose. Half their poetic charms, and all their historic value would be lost if foreign plagiarists should succeed in appropriating them. Instead of faithful portraits of Irish feelings and events, they would then appear mere pictures of imagination. To prevent such a result in the case of "The Exile of Erin," I have, at intervals, for many years, endeavoured to disprove the claim of authorship set up by Mr. Campbell, and to restore to Ireland the fame of having produced this Queen of Songs.

With this purpose I supplied the London press, in the year 1830, with several articles, disputing the right of Campbell to the authorship, and asserting that of Reynolds. Those articles called forth others upon the same subject, both in England and Ireland; and in one of these articles, published in the *Times* of the 16th of June, 1830, the following passage occurred:—

"Our friend desires us to say that, in the event of Mr. Campbell's contradicting this statement, he will produce several living witnesses to prove that Mr. Reynolds had shown to, and sung for, them, as his own composition, the identical lines several years prior to

his death, and prior to Mr. Campbell's publication of them."

In answer to this article, which thus distinctly pointed out priority of composition as the intended proof of authorship, Campbell published in the *Times* of the 17th of June, 1830, a letter, in which he stated that he wrote the song of "The Exile of Erin" at Altona, and sent it off immediately from thence to London, where it was published in the *Morning Chronicle*; and that he had scarcely composed the song when it was everywhere printed with his name. The time of Campbell's first visit to Altona is easily ascertainable; but in order to settle with certainty the date of his alleged composition, I procured, in the year 1841, two letters from Campbell, in which he positively stated that he must have written "The Exile of Erin" in the year 1801. All these letters appear at length in a pamphlet lately published by Machen, Westmorland-street, and entitled "Memoranda of Irish Matters."

Besides these written and published declarations that he wrote this song in the year 1801, Campbell frequently stated that the incidents which suggested its poetic images, occurred to him whilst at Altona in that year; and that Anthony M'Cann, the Irish Rebel, whom he then met for the first time, was intended by him as the hero of the poem. Hundreds of living persons are witnesses of this account, which has made its way into several literary works, and which I state upon the written authority of Mr. Alexander Campbell, nephew of the poet.

After Campbell's published, written, and oral accounts of the composition of this song, and of the incidents that supplied its images, circumstantially stated,

and persevered in without alteration for forty years, it would be impossible for him now, if living, to antedate the time of its production. *If Campbell wrote the song, he must have written it in the year 1801. If perfect proof can be given of its existence prior to that date, Campbell cannot have been its author.* This position is admitted by all the advocates of Campbell's claims.

Having narrowed the question to this issue, I proceeded to obtain evidence of the existence of the song, prior to the year 1801, such being the mode of proof pointed out in the *Times* of the 16th of June, 1830; and at my request, four persons have made declarations upon the subject before a magistrate, in the form substituted by act of parliament for voluntary affidavits. The persons who made these declarations are Mr. and Mrs. Young Reynolds of Fore Lodge, in the county of Cavan, Mrs. M'Namara, of Lough Scur, in the county of Leitrim, the sisters and brother-in-law of the late George Nugent Reynolds, and Mr. James William O'Fallon, Barrister-at-law, who is a stranger to the Reynolds family. These declarations have all the solemnity and all the sanction, and are attended with all the consequences of oaths. They have been published for nearly two years in the "Memoranda of Irish Matters;" and though a warm contest, upon the subject of the rival claims, has been maintained during that period, the truth of these declarations has never for a moment been denied or questioned. So high is the established honour, and so unblemished are the well-known characters of the persons who have made these solemn declarations.

By these declarations, to which, for greater cer-

tainty, I refer you, it is proved that at Easter, 1799, Mr. O'Fallon read the song of "The Exile of Erin," in the hand-writing of George Nugent Reynolds, and committed it to memory. That it was then in course of correction by Reynolds and differed in a few unimportant passages from its present form; amongst others the word "*raiment*" appeared in the second line, instead of "*thin robe*." Mr. O'Fallon when he first heard the song attributed to Campbell, repeated the entire from his recollection of Reynolds' manuscript, and disputed the claims of Campbell, both in conversation and in a letter which he published in the *Morning Chronicle*.

From the declaration of Mrs. M'Namara, it appears that in the month of November, 1799, Reynolds dictated to her this song, which was written out by her, from her brother's dictation. Upon that occasion Reynolds declared it to be his own composition, and gave that account of its production, with which I have commenced this letter. Mrs. M'Namara sang it for her brother, and showed it to several of her friends. It was greatly admired, and by her brother's permission she gave away above one hundred copies of it, within a short time after it was dictated to her. In the winter of 1799, this song formed a subject of instruction at the Belfast School of Music, and was widely dispersed and well known in Ireland as the composition of Reynolds, very shortly after the month of November, 1798.

Mr. and Mrs. Young Reynolds, by their joint declaration, corroborate in all its parts, the declaration of Mrs. M'Namara, and add, that Reynolds was living in their house, at the time when he wrote the song, according to his own account given to them at the time: That h

assured them, he composed the song, and that from their knowledge of his character and feelings, they are confident, that he was incapable of stating a wilful falsehood.

It thus appears, by testimony above all question, that the song of the Exile of Erin was read—dictated—written—sung—widely dispersed—and well known in Ireland as the composition of George Nugent Reynolds for two years prior to the time when Campbell, according to his own account, composed it. The evidence is clear, precise, and irresistible. The proof is perfect. The song of “The Exile of Erin” was the production of the genius of George Nugent Reynolds, stimulated to its utmost efforts by pity, by friendship, and by patriotism.

The restoration to Ireland of the authorship of “The Exile of Erin” will not be regarded as a matter of slight importance by those who agree with me in thinking it to be one of the first and most beautiful of songs. Poems of this high class are rare in all ages. They serve as indexes to mark the height to which the genius of a people has ascended; and are the measures by which the future historian will ascertain and decide on the greatness of a nation. For the great families of mankind do not acquire precedence in the roll of history from their extent of territory, or hoarded gold, or victorious battles; but from their extent of knowledge, and treasures of noble thoughts, and conquests in the regions of the beautiful and the sublime.

It therefore becomes the duty of every nation to guard with jealous care the records of those intellectual victories of its people. But more especially does this duty devolve upon a nation like Ireland when united to a

larger one, which in the usual course monopolises the entire fame derived from the triumphs of the united empire. To a nation, circumstanced like Ireland, literary conquests appear to afford almost the only means of maintaining and increasing the national glory ; and of these none are so striking, so noble, and so lasting as those acquired by deathless song. No matter how much a nation be divided, weakened, or overshadowed, still it may enter the temple of eternal fame through the beautiful gate of poetry.

The poetic treasures of a people ought to be, above all others, carefully protected from the plagiarist, because they are the most imperishable. Of all those intellectual triumphs which exalt a nation—of all those noble thoughts which, buoyed up by innate dignity, or embalmed in beauty, bid defiance to the waters of oblivion and the worm of time, by far the greatest number are expressed in the language of poetry ; for the noble thought expressed in prose seldom lives long ; the alterations in idiom and in the structure of words too often destroy its vividness and effect, and its freshness and beauty is frequently seen to fade before the changes in language as completely as the flower before the chilling change of seasons. But when expressed in poetry it is everlasting ; unaffected by language, unaltered by habit, undimmed by time, the noble thought lives for ever, a beautiful soul enclosed in its lovely form of verse, like the graceful plant of the sea preserved in the pellucid pebble.

The fame acquired by poetic triumphs is not merely honorary and unsubstantial, but becomes one of the most solid and enduring bulwarks of a nation. It fills the heart of a people with a noble and self-sustaining

pride, and covers with infamy the tyrant who attempts to oppress or to degrade them. Such fame assures the country glorified by it of the sympathy of genius in every land, and forms an alliance for it with the intellect of the earth. It was the verse of Homer and of Sappho, more even than the memory of Marathon, that enlisted the nations of Europe in behalf of the land of early song, and armed them on her side, and swelled the battle-cry of Navarino, and raised Greece from slavery and sorrow to freedom and to happiness.

Yours very truly,

HERCULES ELLIS.

THE END.

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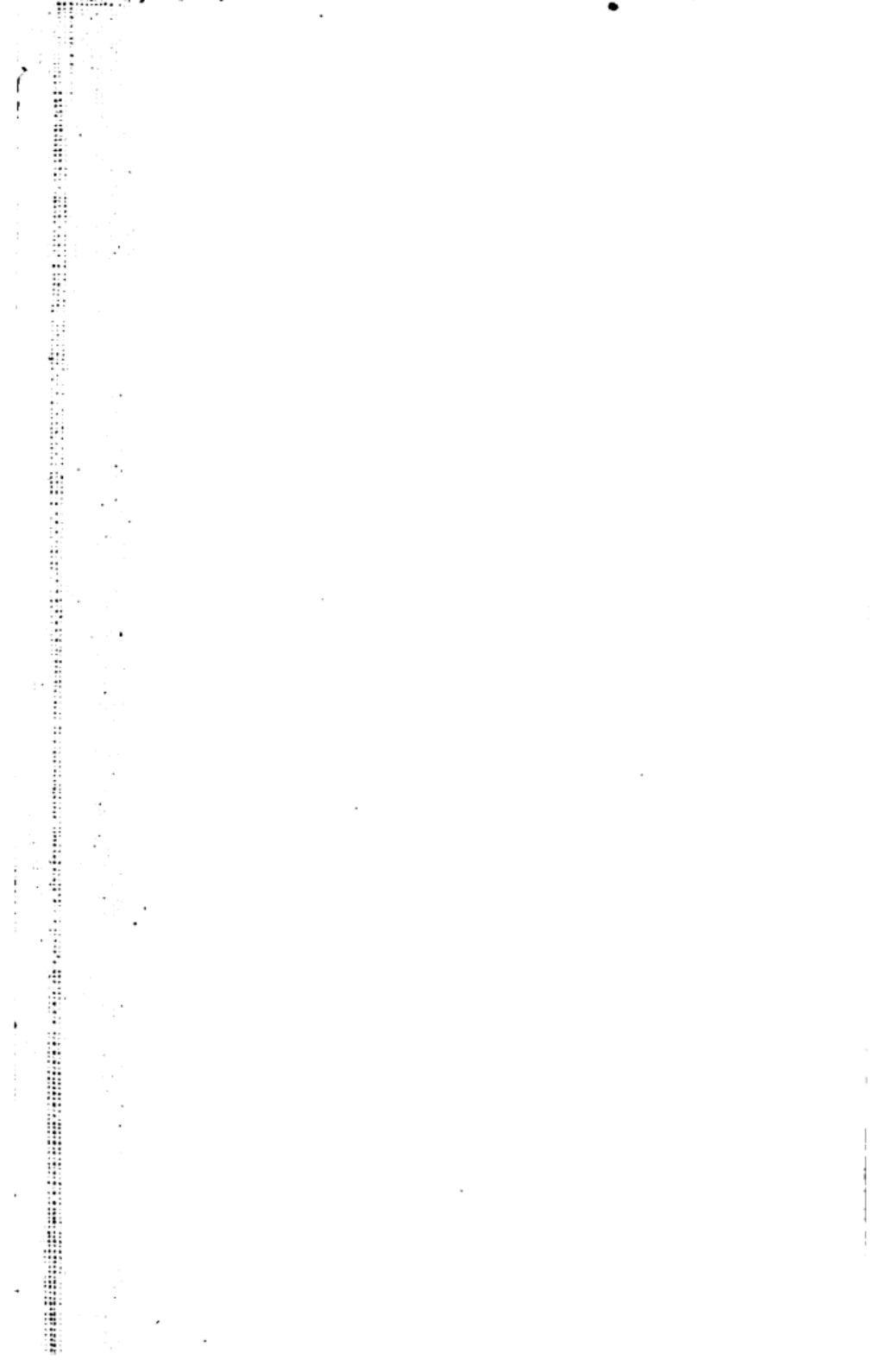
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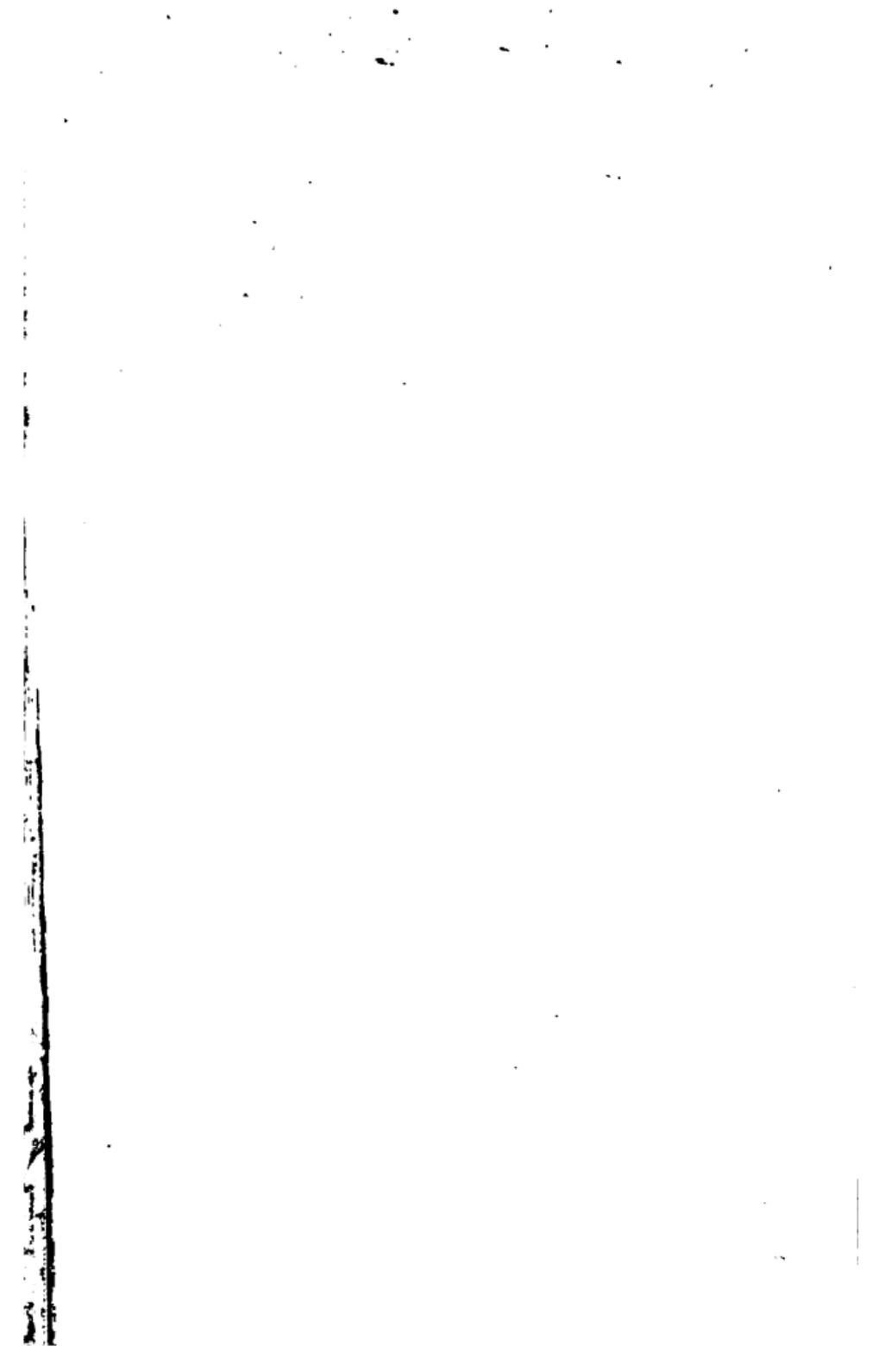
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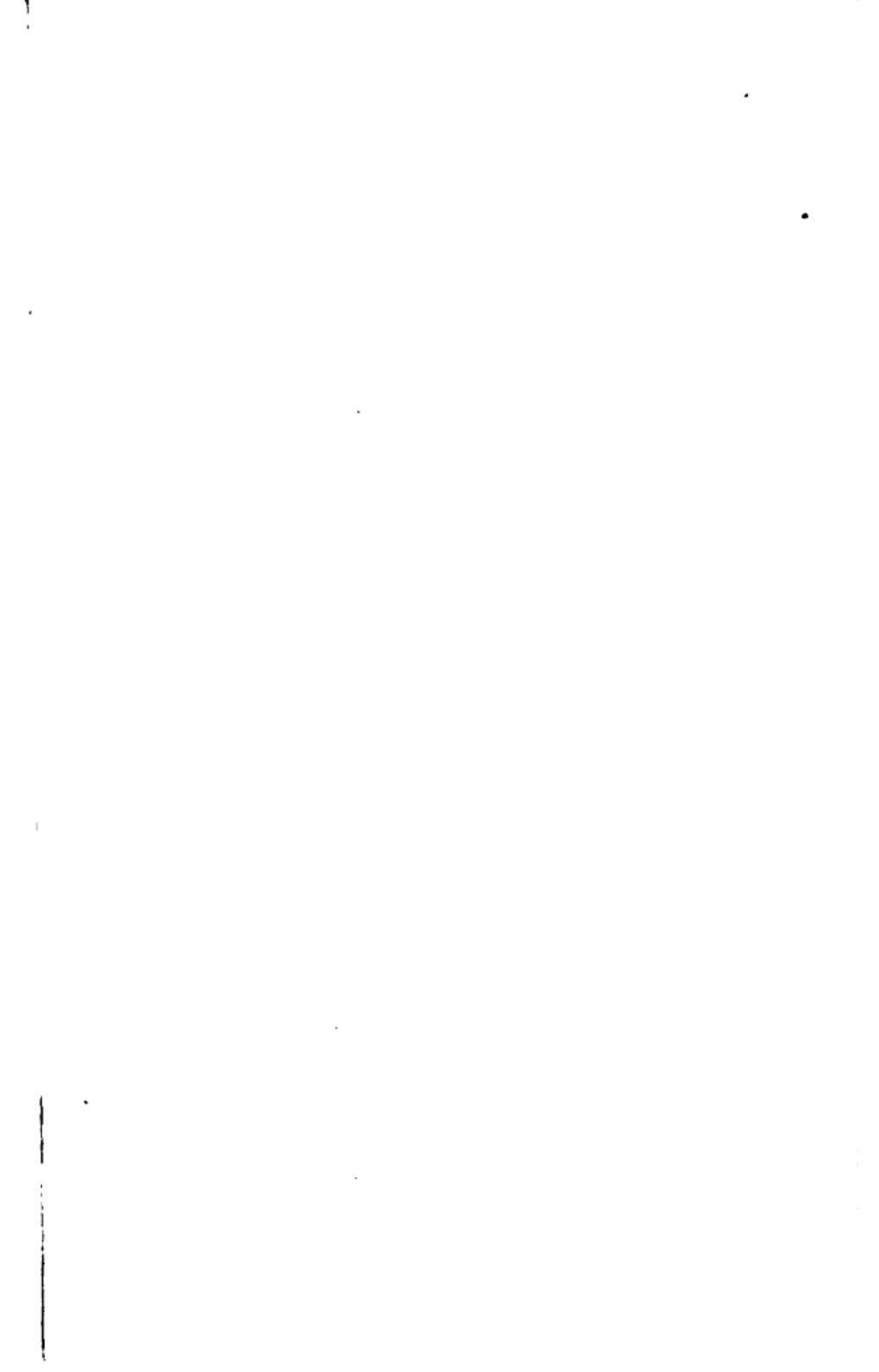
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